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By Florence Reed

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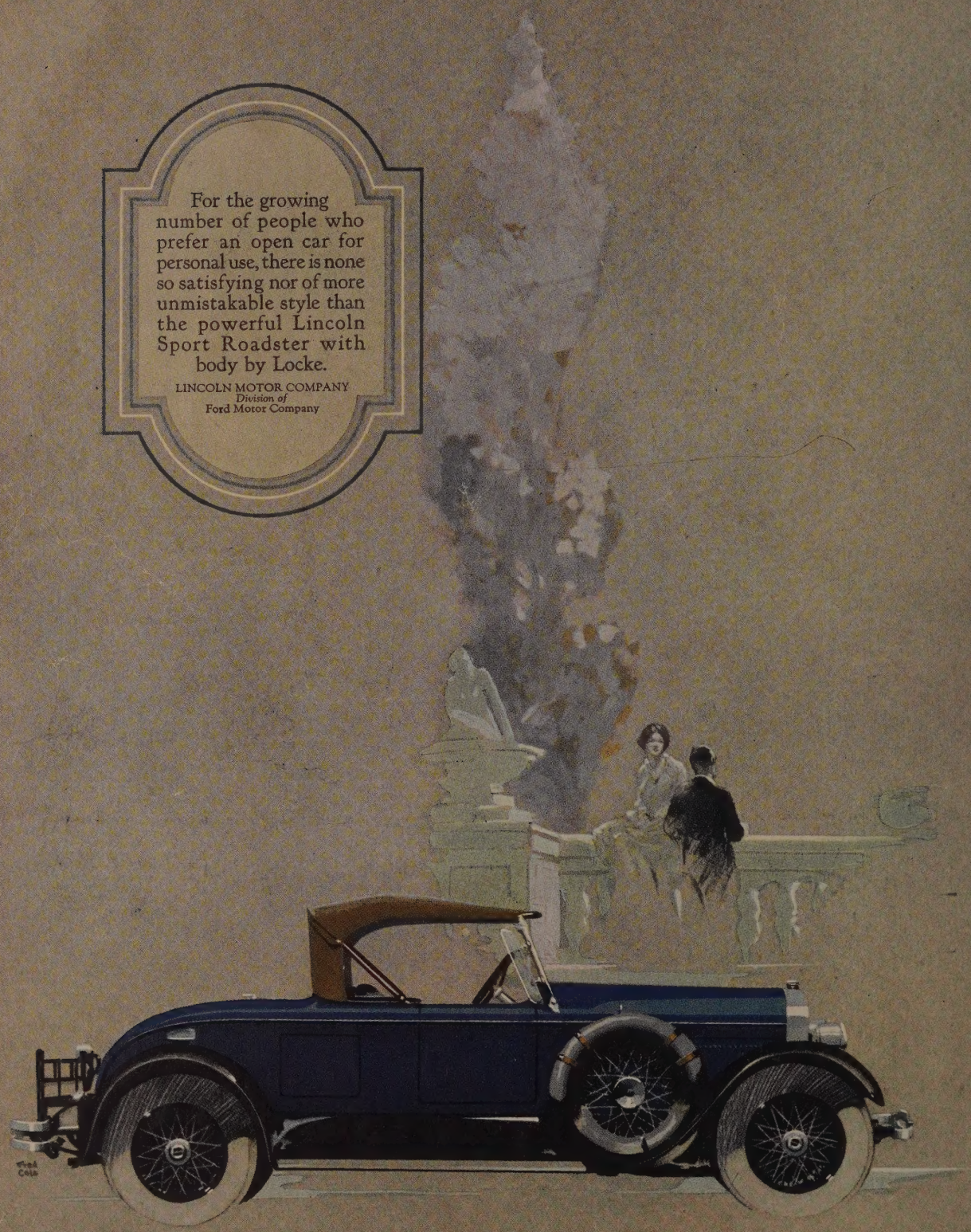

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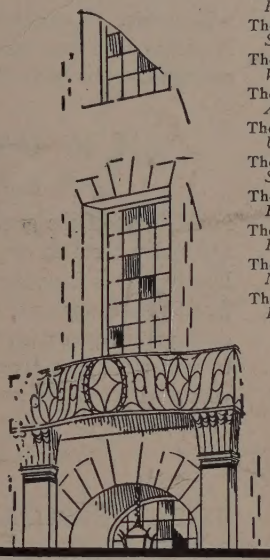

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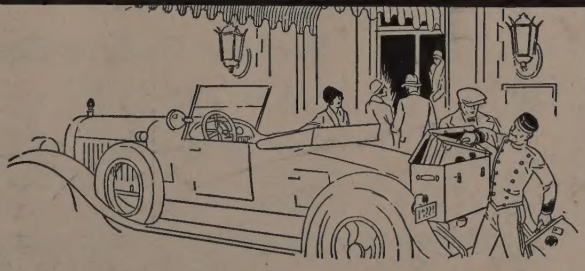

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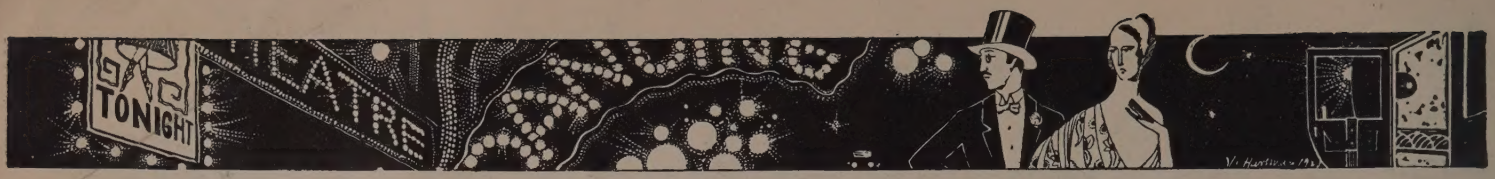

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"The Refugees"—Contents Design by Bernice Oehler

WE herald Summer, with its soft breezes, its profuse foliage, its many-colored flowers and all its accompanying vernal beauties. The THEATRE MAGAZINE has caught the spirit and expressed it through the effervescence, the frothiness, and the breeziness of its contents in the August Issue. Humor, wit and satire—so desperately sought in warm weather flow right through the next number. Reviews of the summer theatrical attractions, guides for light entertainment and criticisms of the new plays are all covered in the August issue of THEATRE MAGAZINE. Note the July contributors—all famous in the theatre world: Florence Reed, Geoffrey Kerr, Charles Coburn, St. John Ervine, Zoe Beckley, Paul Bechert, Thoda Cocroft, Paul Horgan. We recommend it as the best kind of summer refreshment.

SHOULD a critic and actor mix socially? Or should they retain a formal distance from each other? There are varied opinions on the subject. Some people feel that a critic can write best about a play or its cast if he comes in hand-to-hand contact with the player. Others react quite the reverse, believing that the critic, once the personal element enters, cannot slash mercilessly or even be truthful when he has dined with the actor the night before. Mr. Gilbert W. Gabriel, dramatic critic of the New York *Sun*, graphically demonstrates the handicap under which the critic must work when he permits the barrier between actor and reviewer to be broken down. His article, "The Critic and the Player" will appear in our August issue.

WHEN we see a drama on the stage we little dream of the sequence of humorous events that went into its making—behind the scenes. Impromptu props—a green chair to represent a piano; a purple settee suddenly turned into a cabinet full of priceless jade, etc. Have you ever seen an actor in rehearsal—ten minutes after having eaten bad oysters, or a famous star in a dark blue suit, with gold slippers on (that she had to break in) trying out a hurdy-gurdy, perched on a tea wagon? All these adventures are most amusingly told in our next issue by Lillian Barrett, under the caption of "Chills and Thrills of a Woman Playwright." The illustrations so fittingly accompanying the article are made by Archie Gunn, an artist so well known he need hardly be introduced.

WHETHER it be the Charleston, the Russian Ballet, the Ballet Moderne, Interpretive, Narrative, Greek or just ballroom dancing—it is all dubbed Dancing—and it all expresses itself freely in America. Nowhere else in the world today can we find such quantity, quality and variety of Dance Art. Lucile Marsh, herself a charming *danseuse*, describes the various kinds of dances, their origin, form and interpretation, in "Dance On!" an entertaining account of present-day expressionism in the dance which appears in the August number. Bernice Oehler, the artist whose drawings illustrate the article, has made a specialty of quick-action dance sketches, and admirably catches the dancer's movement and rhythm.

AS a theatregoer you have often marveled at the "hit" an apparently less qualified artist makes over another. You weigh their respective ability. To your amazement you find the one who "went over with a bang" is the one who couldn't sing at all, couldn't dance, wasn't good-looking—and perhaps, slightly bow-legged. What was it? How did he triumph over his colleague who possessed all the positive qualities? It is that indefinable something called PERSONALITY—that power which picks one out of a mob and marks him an "individual." Thoda Cocroft explains in our August issue some of the characteristics that constitute Personality.

"AN ACTOR!" Most of us think of him as one who has such an easy time of it—sleeps late, eats when he wishes, cuts coupons, does nothing but loaf, acts only a few hours a day. In the August issue two prominent players, Helen Gahagan and Grant Mitchell, interestingly reveal just what the actor and actress do when they are not playing hero and heroine. "What I Do With My Twenty-four Hours A Day" is the voice of a well-known actress and actor—in our August number.

EVERYONE prescribes self-expression as a cure for all ills. We most cordially invite you to express yourself in our open forum of the August issue, on the subject: "Is Anything Wrong With Our Theatre?" There has never before in the history of the theatre been so much criticism of the theatre. Some feel there is too much lasciviousness permitted; others, that it is too markedly commercial and others, that it is too futuristic. What are your reactions? In our August issue are the criticisms of some prominent people whose reactions to the theatre are indeed interesting.

DID you know that *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* was written by a brunette? The creator of "Lorelei Lee," heroine of the book, is a peculiar little admixture of femininity, school-boy, actress, newspaper reporter, scenario writer, playwright, producer and wife. Anita Loos's expose of gentlemen's tastes will be seen next season on Broadway, with June Walker as star. An intimate close-up of the Loos-Emerson home by B. F. Wilson appears in our next issue. If there is still some doubt in the minds of people that a woman writer cannot retain her femininity, we recommend this article specifically.

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SCREENLAND: Advance releases, exquisite photographs, scenes from forthcoming productions, gossip of the studios, intimate screen talk.

AMATEUR STAGE: Covering the community theatres, the laboratory and university dramatic groups.

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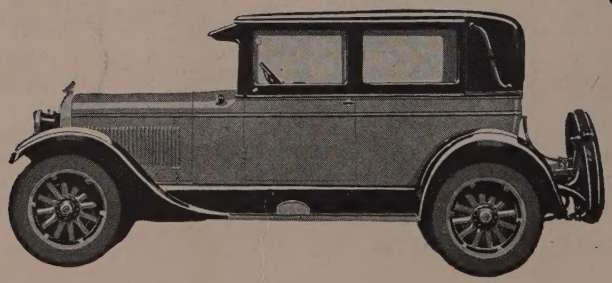

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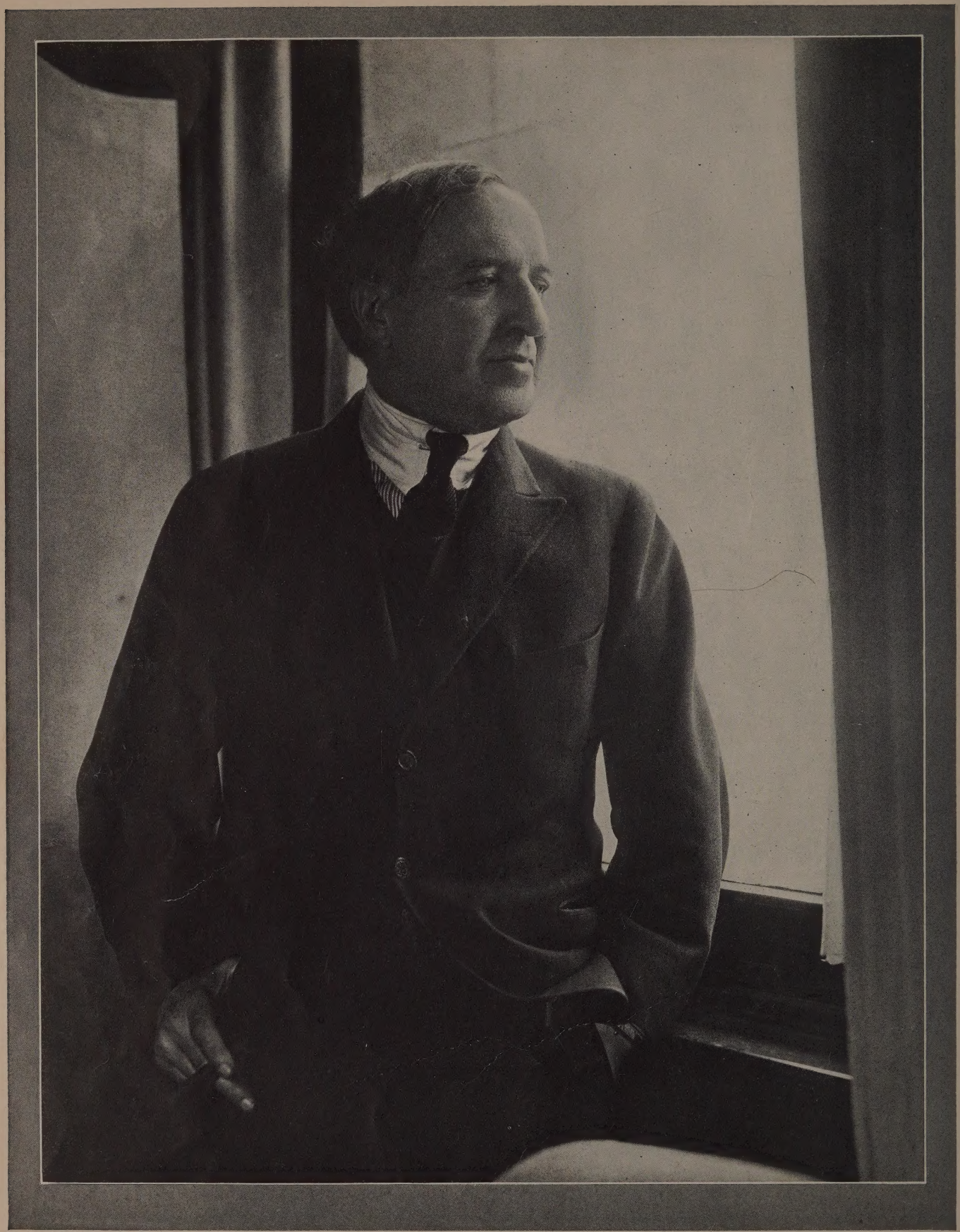
Florence Vandamm Studio

MARY ELLIS IN "THE ROMANTIC YOUNG LADY"

As Rosario, the romance-reading, moonstruck Spanish maiden, the actress moves gaily through the Martinez Sierra comedy at the Neighborhood Playhouse, a vision of captivating grace and spectral beauty



Florence Vandamm Studio

THE PRODUCERS. NO. 9: ALBERT H. WOODS

Albert Herman Woods has been a producer of plays since 1902. His earlier theatrical enterprises were limited to sensational melodramas, such as "Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl," "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak-Model," "The Bowery After Dark," "Queen of the White Slaves" and "The Chinatown Trunk Mystery." Later he was successful in establishing himself on Broadway with "Potash and Perlmutter," Julian Eltinge, and such hectic slices of life as "The Demi-Virgin," "Up in Mabel's Room," "Ladies Night," etc. He is the producer of "Friendly Enemies," "Kick In," "Within the Law" (in part), "The Yellow Ticket," "Common Clay," "The Song of Songs," "Cheating Cheaters," "The Green Hat," "The Shanghai Gesture." He owns the Eltinge Theatre in New York, and the Adelphi Theatre in Chicago

VOL. XLIV. No. 304 THEATRE MAGAZINE JULY, 1926

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, *EDITOR-IN-CHIEF*

EDITORIAL BOARD: Gilbert Seldes, Ben Kaye, Lawton Mackall, Gordon Whyte, Burr Cook

The Editor's Uneasy Chair

Mayor Walker and the Night Cabarets

NO one will quarrel with Mayor Walker's criticism of cabarets and night resorts, made at a recent luncheon given in his honor by the Cheese Club. Defending his previously expressed desire that these places be compelled to close at a reasonable hour, the Mayor said:

"There is an hour in the early morning when in some of these resorts an orgy takes the place of clean entertainment. There is no demand on the part of respectable and decent people for such places, which disgorge at 7 or 8 o'clock in the morning crowds of men in evening dress and women in flaming cloaks and finery, which they flaunt in the faces of workmen on their way to their jobs. Such people create Bolsheviki."

This is plain, honest speaking, and Mayor Walker will make many friends, even outside his own political affiliations, because of it. It shows that in him this city has a chief magistrate who takes his job seriously, and that he is in the City Hall, not merely to hand out party favors, but to safeguard the community's welfare.

In the course of his remarks the Mayor made one statement, a sort of apology for his criticism of the cabarets, which, if he was correctly quoted, may safely be challenged. He said: "A reformer is a terrible thing, but I believe in a certain amount of reform in respect to conditions like these."

Why, we ask, is a reformer a terrible thing? What is a reformer? He is a person who, seeing certain evils, sets out to correct them, instead of merely complaining about them. Abraham Lincoln showed the reform spirit when he emancipated the slaves. Martin Luther shouted for reform when he denounced the sale of Papal indulgences and defied the Pope. The barons who forced King John at Runnymede to sign the Magna Charta, the keystone of English liberty, were surely the greatest reformers of all time. His Honor need not be ashamed of being looked upon as a reformer. He is in good company.

The American Doughboy in France

THE announcement that the coming season will see the production on Broadway of a play entitled *Who Won the War?* written by Kirke Mechem, editor of the *Kansas Legionnaire* and a World War veteran, as an answer to *What Price Glory?* is of more than passing interest. The Anderson-Stallings play was the biggest success of last year, and although the fact that it did not win the Pulitzer Prize is not without its significance, its many admirers still speak of it with bated breath as of something holy in the theatre. When first done in New York, the program announced it as "a play of war as it is, not as it has been presented theatrically for thousands of years." The management and authors thus put themselves officially on record as declaring the play and its characters, with their depravity, cheap amours and foul, blasphemous, obscene language, to be a true picture, not of one angle of war or of certain low types of American soldiers, but of war as it is and of American soldiers as a type.

Almost alone among the reviewers THEATRE MAGAZINE took exception to this sweeping indictment of the American soldier. In its issue of November, 1924, it said: "That these characters—the brutal, lecherous Captain Flagg and the whisky-soaked, blasphemous Sergeant Quirt—are truly representative of the brave fellows who answered the call of duty and made the supreme sacrifice on the battle-fields of France will, we think, be resented by the American soldier." With this opinion Frederick Palmer, the well-known war correspondent, who may be credited with knowing as much about war in all its aspects as our local scriveners, concurs. In a recent issue of the *American Legion Weekly* he writes:

> *"What Price Glory?* was an immature view of one type in one angle of war when truth demanded a generic type and the full view. It pretended to be realism; but it happened that I saw the brigade from which its types were supposed to be drawn, in billets after its greatest action. In that deserted little French market town there were no cafés open, no drinking, no carousing, only utterly weary, exhausted soldiers resting; and the only woman I saw was a grandmother of eighty who was munching chocolate given her by a doughboy.
>
> *"What Price Glory?* had much the same box-office appeal as shows of nudities and salacious suggestion which go the worst one better in fluttering conventional susceptibilities. Have you heard 'em swear? Have you heard 'em boast of their loves? Have you seen 'em fight over a café harlot?
>
> "It was a libel on the cleanest army ever sent home. It supported the stories that all our men were diseased. It was a libel on the manhood that served in France, the manhood that was not formed on the type of a Flagg, who had been a professional bruiser, going from low dive to low dive of the ports of the world; a libel on the soldiers of past wars. The caricature appealed to a certain type of mind, especially to slackers. It convinced them soldiering was a low, vulgar, nasty business which should be left to a certain class; and so they themselves were well out of the war. Yes, probably we had to have soldiers; but it was best to forget them and their services, especially if you had not served yourself, as an unpleasant necessity like garbage removers."

The Pulitzer Prize Awards

IN refusing the Pulitzer Prize for his novel, "Arrowsmith," Sinclair Lewis has at least logic on his side. He says: "By accepting the prizes and approval of these vague institutions we are admitting their authority, publically confirming them as the final judges." As a matter of fact, previous awards made by the Pulitzer Advisory Board have not inspired any great respect for its judgment. As THEATRE MAGAZINE pointed out at the time of last year's play award, the Board, in arriving at its decisions, seems to ignore entirely one important condition laid down by the founder, the late Joseph Pulitzer. He ordered that the prize should go to *"that original American play which shall best represent the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals."* In the face of this condition, the award for 1924 went to Sydney Howard for his play, *They Knew What They Wanted,* which, as everyone outside Bolshevist circles will admit, is hardly the type of play likely to "raise the standard of good morals." In defense of its seemingly inconsistent position, the Board now explains that in making its decisions, the "implication of a moral standard has always been somewhat ignored." On whose authority? What possible respect can the public or even its recipients have for any prize award made in defiance of the explicit wishes of its founder?

Nickolas Muray

CAPRICE

A moment of beauty at the Club Mirador, where the lovely Beatrice Belreva and her partner Laura Vince dance nightly in the Mirador Ballet

Our Theatre Fighting for Its Life

Mental Average of Audiences Lowered, the Drama To-day Is At the Mercy of An Illiterate Majority

By CHARLES COBURN

TO-DAY the first-class theatre in America is fighting for its existence. The melodramatic theatre having disappeared and its audience having become possessed of material wealth, that class has turned for its entertainment to the "first-class" theatres, with the result that the mental average of audiences in first-class theatres has been lowered. In other words, if asked to diagnose what is wrong with present conditions, I should say frankly it is not the theatre which pollutes the audience but the audience which pollutes the theatre. What is to be done about it?

Discussion of the theatre's righteousness or iniquity, depending upon the psychology of the debators, is beside the mark because of internal economic conditions. Standards cannot be raised above the taste of audiences so long as the bread is buttered, perhaps sugared, by the democratic expression of purchase by the majority. The box-office must be released from economic pressure, the same as our best orchestras have been freed from the Damoclean sword of financial failure that too often has strangled artistic success. It is as difficult to buy tickets an hour before the performance of one of our leading orchestras as it is to buy seats for a Broadway success.

STANDARDS set by the intelligent minority will give expression, in time, to the theatre as they have in the past thirty years to the development of orchestral and chamber music by means of the Higginsons, the Kahns, the Lewisohns, the Tafts, the Severances, the Flaglers and the Coolidges, to name at random a few of the financial prophets of a better day for art expressed by music. If the symphony orchestras of the first rank had to depend solely upon box-office support, the quality of their programs would reflect majority taste, and it is only by freedom from that tyranny that they are economically able to present the best in music. That they have created and preserved high standards has been due to the long list of guarantors appended to every symphony or chamber-music organization. A very significant statement made by Harry Harkness Flagler, President of the New York Symphony Society, appeared in the New York *Times* recently to the effect that one hundred and sixty-five thousand persons had attended the Society's concerts during the season that began last October and ended with March, a total of sixty-one concerts in New York and Brooklyn, showing an average attendance of twenty-seven hundred paid admissions to each concert.

It is taste that counts. Good taste makes. Bad taste mars, if it does not ruin. Taste, according to my dictionary, is "intellectual discernment and appreciation," it is "the faculty of discerning and appreciating beauty, order, proportion, symmetry or whatever constitutes excellence, particularly in the fine arts."

Charles Coburn is well known to playgoers as an actor-producer who has always been identified with the best in the theatre. His outstanding successes on Broadway were as the Chorus in "The Yellow Jacket," and as old Bill in "The Better 'Ole." Mr. Coburn has written here a very interesting article on present-day conditions in the theatre which he fears are working to its harm. He says: "It is not the theatre which pollutes the audience, but the audience which pollutes the theatre. Today the first-class theatre, the legitimate theatre of fine tradition and pure artistic expression—as distinguished from the faddist, exotic theatres, which by presenting novel forms of drama with daring, morbid themes have gained a temporary vogue—is fighting for its very existence. What can be done about it?

It is the story, or argument, of the play which is of most interest to an audience. The good or bad taste displayed will not automatically guarantee it financial success or failure, but taste, of whatever kind, will have much to do with classifying its audience.

It seems absurd, therefore, to refer to a play as being "clean" or "dirty" because it deals with any particular phase or social problem of life. A play may deal very frankly with *any* phase of life, and so long as the author has not dealt with his subject in a common or vulgar way and if it is not common and vulgar in its presentation or treatment, it will not offend good taste. Is it not true, then, that a play on the theme of *Romeo and Juliet,* if written and presented in a common or vulgar manner, will offend good taste, whereas a play based on the theme of, say, prostitution, if not written nor presented in a common or vulgar manner, may not offend "good taste."

The theatre is a mirror in which life (the audience) sees his mental image reflected, and though each individual in the audience functions emotionally according to his own experience and knowledge of life, the audience as a whole constitutes mob psychology and therefore an unseen process of the leveling of mentalities immediately takes place when a thousand people assemble in an auditorium, and by this process the average of mentality is reached. And to this average mentality the play must make its appeal. If it falls short or strikes too high above it, the play will not register with that particular audience despite the individual, and so majority rule in the theatre, by means of box-office requirements met by patrons on a pay-as-you-enter system, is two-edged. It makes a long run possible and it often stops a fine play dealing with a social problem of not much interest to the mental capacity of the majority, but which may be of great interest to the intelligent minority and of vital importance to society generally.

So, by democratic rule, we find the *Burlesque Wheel* offers a certain "type" of play or entertainment which attracts a certain type of mentality, and week after week throughout the country that "type" of amusement goes on its way rejoicing. This again is true of vaudeville and motion pictures and it used to be true of the melodramatic theatres and the so-called "legitimate" or "first-class theatres." But to-day the first-class theatre, the legitimate theatre of fine tradition and pure artistic expression—as distinguished from the faddist, exotic theatres, which by presenting novel forms of drama with daring, morbid themes have gained a temporary vogue—is fighting for its very existence. Public taste, bewildered, misled by the craze for the bizarre and sensational that since the war has swept over the world, has been lowered and vitiated in every direction. What can be done about it?

THERE are a great many people of wealth and "good taste" in New York City alone, any one of whom could, with a little patience and a reasonable financial investment, establish a theatre to be devoted exclusively to plays of interest to the intelligent play-loving public of New York and thereby create in a surprisingly short time a theatre which would be not only an artistic but a financial success as well! The realization of one such theatre would create others in New York and throughout the country. Otherwise, as long as the theatre must cater to the majority of *Public Taste* for its existence, we can get no further artistically than the majority of "taste" as expressed at the *box-office.*

As long as the economic problems of the theatre are permitted to depend upon the democratic selection (by purchase) on the part of the public, the majority will rule and

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Five Stage-door Keepers

Droll Theatre Types Whose Job Is to Bar Undesirables from Back-stage

By GEOFFREY KERR

FOR a long time the lightest doings of the lightest actor have apparently been of almost passionate interest to the public, to judge from the incessant stream of such information in the daily, weekly and monthly press. Nowadays many actors are even credited with the ability to think, so that the book-shops are piled high with costly collections of their so-called ideas, while the fact that *every* actor claims the right to remember produces still further floods of volumes, most of which read like stenographic reports of conversations at the Players' Club.

Dramatists are eager to call attention to themselves and their wares, finding a public willing to read their snappy paragraphs and attend their slightly commercial lectures. Directors expect the constant publication of explanations of their methods (if any) or of praise of their absence of method (if, as usual, none). Scenic designers (probably the most parasitic growth sapping the vitality of the modern theatre) are ready to design anything which they know will be crammed down the public's throat. And, to whisper the truth—even the managers themselves have not entirely succeeded in escaping from the limelight.

The public, in short, which really only wants a few occasional photographs of its favorites, perhaps with some entirely fictitious details of their alleged domestic virtues such as are supplied so tastefully by the movie magazines, must be getting more than surfeited with publicity concerning actors and other minor figures of the theatre. It therefore seems a matter for considerable amazement that journalistic enterprise should so carefully have avoided touching even momentarily on any of the theatre's *major* figures. Box-office men, stage carpenters, electricians, property-men, cleaners and stage-door keepers—these are the backbone of the theatre of to-day, as well as its nervous system and alimentary canal. While the box-office man is, of course, the one paramount character, all the others are of so much more importance than the vague creatures concerned merely with the artistic side that the ignorance concerning them and their doings in which the public has been forced to remain seems more than lamentable.

VOLUMES could be and should be written about all of them—from the long and arduous psychological training which can alone produce the suave contempt of the box-office man's voice as he exclaims: "Nothing nearer than the eighteenth row! Next!! to the scientific genius which enables the cleaner, in the surprisingly short time she spends there, to remove from a dressing-room the more obvious traces of the previous night's activities without disturbing by so much as one speck of dust any of the traditional dirt. This article aims only to point out in a modest way the extent of the public's deficiency of real knowledge and to stimulate its curiosity for the further stories which will doubtless be forthcoming, as soon as this vast field begins to be more fully explored, with the following five little sketches of stage-door keepers:

The number of good actors who are also good writers is not large. Geoffrey Kerr, the clever young English comedian seen a few years ago as the Prince of Wales in *Just Suppose*, and now appearing in *Close Quarters*, A. E. Thomas' version of the old Dumas play *Le Demi Monde*, has been writing for the magazines for some time, his facile pen and quiet humor gaining him many readers. In this issue Mr. Kerr makes his first bow as contributor to the pages of THEATRE MAGAZINE, with this amusing sketch of certain droll stage-door keepers he has known. Other articles from Mr. Kerr's pen will follow in succeeding issues.

Sandy McBunn, who for many years guarded the stage entrance to the Regal Theatre, Oakland, Cal., endeared himself to all who knew him by his quiet and restful demeanor.

He succeeded one Torky, famous throughout the West in the nineties for his loquacity. Torky's volubility, which he carried to great lengths and all over the theatre, eventually got so on the nerves of visiting companies that Klaw and Erlanger began to omit Oakland from their schedules. Under these circumstances there was but one thing to do. Torky was dismissed and Mr. Igno, the manager, began to look about for his successor. In the list of desirable attributes for an appointment which would once more put Oakland on the booking map, Mr. Igno naturally placed taciturnity first. When Mr. McBunn applied for the position, he uttered never a syllable but answered every question with a nod, a shake or a reticent wagging of the head. He was immediately engaged. The truth was that during the interview Sandy was much too drunk to speak. And in this condition he was clever enough to keep himself during his hours of duty for twenty-five years, years during which Oakland once more became a popular theatrical town and the "Silent Stage Doorman" a figure of almost national fame.

So things went until one night in 1925, when owing to circumstances over which he had no control, Mr. Bunn came on duty sober and in full possession of faculties which he had not exercised for a quarter of a century. Under these circumstances it was hardly surprising that when the star entered the theatre he greeted her not with his usual swaying bow but with a cheerful "Good evening, dearie." The star immediately summoned Mr. Ramus (Mr. Igno's successor) and threatened to have Oakland once more expunged from the list of K. and E. bookings. Mr. Ramus interviewed Sandy and asked if the star's allegations were true. Instead of making any of his customary, somewhat lethargic gestures, Sandy burst into lengthy verbal explanation and was dismissed on the spot, Mr. Ramus expressing considerable pained surprise that after so many years of silent sobriety Sandy should so far have forgotten himself as to come on duty drunk.

FRED FALL was a good-looking fellow who had a meteoric career at the old Music Theatre in 1887, the year when the beautiful Molly O'Hara was at the height of her biggest success, *The Girl from Gimbel's*. He attained the post mainly owing to his charm, which was immense, and held it for five weeks, during which his extraordinary behavior staggered all stage-door-going New York.

Fred Fall showed that he was to be anything but an ordinary stage-door keeper at the end of his first week, when he stopped several of the smaller members of the company on their way out and tipped each of them five dollars. This was voted distinctly unusual but entirely praiseworthy and was thought to go far in mitigation of his rather inconvenient habit of letting anyone into anyone's room at any time. On succeeding Saturday nights Fred was a highly popular figure.

One night during the third week of his tenure of office, Miss O'Hara found on entering her dressing-room that amongst the many usual floral tributes was one bearing a card with the simple words "From Fred." The only Fred of her acquaintance being her husband, Miss O'Hara was naturally at a loss to account for this gift.

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THE MAKING OF A MUSICAL COMEDY

Music by————

Lyrics by————

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

(Sketch by Hans Stengel)

From Park Bench to Stardom

How Glenn Hunter Came to Be One of Broadway's Most Popular Young Actors

By ZOE BECKLEY

IT has grown to be a classic—the rise of the successful American from park bench to the presidency of something. The actual sleeping on the park bench seldom really takes place, but the idea is there all right. "He starts without a penny and fights his way to fame, etc."

But here is Glenn Hunter, one of the juveniles of the stage, who did actually and literally "live" in the Penn Station, the Grand Central Terminal and on the old park bench. We know, because we were the lucky person who "saw him first"!

One day, when we were sob-sister-in-chief to the New York *Evening Mail,* we sat in our cubbyhole hammering out a tale. It seemed to us we had been hearing something behind our right shoulder for some time. You know how you become gradually conscious of a sound repeated, repeated. . . . At last you turn around: "Oh, were you speaking to me?" Or something of that sort. . . .

A thin young man was standing there—awfully thin, with a belt round his waist pulled tight, as belts are pulled tight when there's a gnawing within. He had a face, this young man, thin also, with the thinness of intelligence and jaw-setting determination. And eyes. Blue. Sort of deep-set and—well, set. They looked as though they saw something at a very great distance and intended to reach what they saw.

"I hate to bother you," he said; "I do really. I didn't know what else to do. I took a chance. I saw this story in the paper—picked it up on the bench in Mount Morris Park — I've walked down. . . . I thought maybe if you wrote MY story, I could get a job . . . acting. It must be acting. I—you see . . ."

By this time we had swung round and got a good look at the boy who somehow didn't seem like other boys that drifted into the office from time to time, asking help. Mostly we can help. We have to be a little hard-boiled in a newspaper office or we'd be swamped.

But something was knocking at our mind. Suppose this chap's story were true? Suppose he had seen a sob story of ours in the *Mail?* That touched our vanity a bit. . . . Besides, there was that keen look in his face, of intelligence, of grit, of talent—and of hunger.

WE cannot now recall the words exactly, but the story was of a lad who came from nice people—country people, in Orange County, New York. Glenn Hunter had left the old home at Highland Mills and come to New York to act. "It must be acting——" That is how he felt about it, and when acting chances did not appear, Glenn refused to take a place as waiter or shoe clerk or bank runner or any of the things that are offered to good-looking boys who seem intelligent and eager.

He got pretty well down to the last dime, and still the booking offices couldn't see him. "Leave your name and address——" That was all he got. Soon he didn't have anything but a name to leave. Boarding-house ladies can't be expected to lodge young men indefinitely on prospects, even if they are good-looking. So Glenn Hunter's "address" became the Grand Central Terminal.

It seems a bouncer is employed there,

Vandamm

GLENN HUNTER

From a park bench to stardom on Broadway is some leap, but this young actor made it, as the accompanying article by Miss Beckley tells

who asks people who spend too many nights on the waiting-room benches what train they are taking. After one good look at him, you pick yourself up and walk out. Glenn took the hint. Later he walked from 120th Street to Fulton Street and Broadway, where the old *Evening Mail* building then was—this was during the war years.

We fished out a dollar, handed it to Glenn and told him to have a postcard picture taken for 50 cents and eat the rest.

But it was not the story we wrote that landed Glenn in a stage job. It was a letter to Eddie Goodman, who was among the first to inaugurate the neighborhood theatre movement. Goodman had, on a shoestring, leased for a season The Bandbox, a tiny place on East Fifty-seventh Street. With his few pioneer players and ten cents' worth of scenery, he was about to produce a piece. Salaries to everybody alike, from producer to supe, were $10 a week.

The piece was *The Clod* and called, among other characters, for a long, lean, cadaverous, drunken soldier.

Ordinarily, the young-man-arriving-with-an-introductory note is hastily received by the manager and told:

"Sorry, old man, but there's really no vacancy. Parts are all cast. Er—we'll let you know if anything——"

But Eddie's response was different. It chanced that the man who was rehearsing for the drunken spy had fallen ill. Somebody must be had at once. Here was this long, lean, cadaverous, eager young person with a letter. . . .

"I'll try you out," said Eddie, perhaps sensing, even as we had sensed, there was something to this park-bencher besides stage-struckness.

It is theatrical history that Goodman's Washington Square Players were the only ones among the small-theatre movements whom the critics never panned. From the start, the W. S. P.'s were taken seriously, and the marvels they performed of making something from nothing were given the praise they deserved. Talent they surely possessed. The "nothing" means material effects. The poor darlings painted and carpentered their own scenery, made their costumes and just about swept out the theatre after the show.

Look at them now! They have all become more or less famous, and Eddie Goodman and Lucy, his wife, are directing The Stagers and producing successes.

With his ten-a-week the boy was so happy that it was a wonder he could play so poignantly that miserable, starved soldier with the rag round his head.

For the first time in months, too, his conscience was comfortable. You see, he had been writing home to his folks that everything was all right. He had been writing thus cheerfully even when a one-cent postcard was all he could manage and a meal of doughnuts dunked in coffee seemed a feast. Now he was writing the truth. He was all right. No actor strutting the boards at a thousand a week felt any all-righter than G. Hunter, with his bit in *The Clod.*

HE stayed with the Washington Square Players until this country's entry into the war broke up so many groups and undertakings, and Glenn donned a uniform and went with the rest, getting almost as far as the ship for France, when peace came, heaven be praised!

Meanwhile he had been noted by managers and after the blessed armistice he played for two years in road companies of *Magic, Pollyanna* and *Penrod.* Afterwards came the boy part in Booth Tarkington's *Clarence,* which lifted Glenn Hunter into the front rank of actors. Mr. Tarkington himself asked that Hunter play the rôle of Johnny White in *The Intimate Strangers.*

He has never been in but one real failure—a show that closed somewhere in the wide-open spaces of "the road." He just went up and up. You will remember him with the biggest thrill as *Merton of the Movies* and later in the screen version which, strangely enough, was as good

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Florence Vandamm Studio

REVIVAL OF BARRIE'S "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS" AT THE BIJOU

Maggie Wylie (Helen Hayes), and her three brothers catch the ambitious railway porter, John Shand (Kenneth MacKenna), in their home stealing knowledge. The aspirant to Parliament is later ensnared by the drab little spinster of the spiral curls to marry the canny Maggie on the advancement of £300, his political car-fare

Algernon (*Reginald Owen*) and John (*Vernon Steele*), each having secretly assumed the *nom d'amour* of Ernest, dispute proprietary rights over the biscuits and tea

Photos by Vandamm

"Let me see your profile, Cecily" (*Patricia Collinge*), says Lady Bracknell (*Lucile Watson*), as she traces the aristocracy of the Cardew family

Since Hon. Gwendolen (*Haroldine Humphreys*) could only love a man whose name is Ernest—John explains to her "the importance of being earnest"

Cecily's governess, Miss Prism (*Catherine Proctor*), visualizes for the Canon (*Dudley Digges*) the pathetic loneliness destined for him if he remain unmarried

ACTORS' THEATRE REVIVES "THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST"

Oscar Wilde's witty play given a fine performance at the Comedy Theatre

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

Watch the Expression on His Face

THE play advertised as *The Importance of Being Earnest* should have read *Ernest,* for that is how Oscar Wilde wrote it, intending to convey that this particular Christian name had an important bearing on his plot; two of his characters, John and Algernon, having masqueraded under this name to win their respective sweethearts. Revived at the Comedy by the Actors' Theatre, it revealed once more its brittle and unsubstantial, yet often corruscating qualities.

The play is partly comedy and partly farce. It would not be fair to say it creaks with age. It has as much value to-day as it had years ago, but it is that value itself which is debatable. It is just an artificial trifle. The characters indulge in verbal fireworks and constantly echo the author's own quizzical vagaries and never their own personalities. It is so flimsy in story that it can hardly be called a play at all. But it amuses those who can find enjoyment in purely literary pyrotechnics.

The performance on the whole was excellent. With the exception of Dudley Digges, who as the parson either neglected or misunderstood his part in performing his well-executed duties as stage director, and Lucile Watson, who, though a facile performer, entirely failed to portray the dignity of Lady Bracknell, the cast revealed much dexterity. Reginald Owen fairly shone as Algernon. He gave a type of the insipid, though sapient Britisher, which was delightful, and Haroldine Humphreys as Gwendolen contributed a charm of bearing and a clearness of utterance that gave added value to the play. Patricia Collinge as Cicely showed her usual technical skill, but she lacked Miss Humphrey's illuminating diction. Catherine Proctor played the governess with complete understanding. To Vernon Steele was assigned what might be called the hero of the story, if we grant that a story so slight can have a hero. As John Worthing he showed all the intelligence necessary, though he lacked in buoyancy. Without this latter quality, Wilde becomes rather a bore.

THE Neighborhood Players presented May 4 a delightful little comedy, translated from the Spanish of G. Martinez Sierra by Helen and H. Granville Barker, called *The Romantic Young Lady.* The title did not seem quite so apposite as the original *Suena de una noche de Agosta,* for it is during a night in August that the half-droll, half-sentimental incidents of the little play occur.

The real value of this unpretentious comedy was ably set forth by Mr. Barker in a little essay printed in the program. Señor Sierra is a dramatist who does not consider himself superior to the recognized canons of play-writing. He contrives, with ample knowledge of the theatre, scenes that have inherent dramatic interest, and he clothes them in appropriate dialogue. The latter is always natural, and the humor flows spontaneously and is never of that artificial quality that obtains in the Oscar Wilde output. The story may be slight, but it is always entertaining, and the response from the audience clearly indicated that the choice of this play for the talents of the Neighborhood company was a wise one.

Plays You Ought to See

BRIDE OF THE LAMB—An exceptionally interesting and forceful play of religious fanaticism and suppressed desire. Well acted by Alice Brady, Wilbur Crane and competent cast.

CRAIG'S WIFE—Comedy of a domestic tyrant. Only fair to middling as a play, but carried to success by splendid performance of Chrystal Herne as the shrewish wife. Won Pulitzer Prize for 1925.

H. M. S. PINAFORE—Brilliant revival of the famous Gilbert and Sullivan operetta with Fay Templeton, Marguerite Namara, John E. Hazzard, Charles Galagher and other favorites in the principal rôles.

IOLANTHE—Another delightful Gilbert and Sullivan revival. Amusing, charming and tuneful, with Ernest Lawford, John Barclay, Vera Ross and Lois Bennett.

JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK—Remarkable study of Irish life by Sean O'Casey. Produced in America for the first time. Pathos and humor combine to make a fine play.

THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY—Smart and entertaining crook play, with Ina Claire as a girl thief who wins her way in society.

YOUNG WOODLEY—Charming comedy of English school life, with Glenn Hunter as a dreaming schoolboy, and a wonderful performance by Helen Gahagan as the master's wife.

It afforded especially fine opportunities for Ian MacLaren as a romantic intruder in the household of the fair Rosario on an August night, and gave Mary Ellis as Rosario ample scope for a charming, persuasive and highly intelligent performance of a Spanish maiden enmeshed in the baffling impulses of a first love. Mr. MacLaren, seeking shelter from a storm, climbs through an open window at midnight and finds Rosario reading a novel. In the ensuing panic the maiden's tresses become ensnared in the intruder's sleeve-links, and a very deft scene of comedy results from the attempts of both to become disentangled. A certain intimacy is, of course, immediately engendered from this brief but enforced proximity, and in this intimacy the intruder learns that Rosario is very much enamored of the author of the book she has been reading and thankfully accepts the intruder's offer of a personal letter of introduction to him. Naturally the novelist and the intruder prove to be one and the same.

There is little attempt made to mystify the audience. This is no cheap mystery play. But the outcome of the love affair thus projected is followed by the audience with much interest and delight, and the final proposal of marriage is handled with great cleverness and originality.

Assisting in these diverting proceedings is Rosario's grandmother (charmingly played by Dorothy Sands), who having married and buried three husbands, may be fairly called an expert in the art of love. Another fine performance is given by Paula Truesman as the author's private secretary.

A MEATY British comedy, seen at the Lyceum, is *The Sport of Kings,* by Major Ian Hay Beith, immortally noted for his humorous masterpiece, "The First Hundred Thousand." I am told that Major Beith's latest offering to public laughter has had a substantial success in England. There is no reason why that success might not have been duplicated here, had the piece been produced with professional competence. Amateur buffooning did massacre to a comedy fragile in its story and delicate in its dialogue for all the broad and frequently burlesque farce that composed it.

The story is suggestive of Pinero's *The Magistrate.* It finds the home of Amos Purdie, J. P., invaded by two young race-track followers, who seek a residence near the course. Mr. Purdie is the essence of Puritanism, decrying racing and its allied vices. He rides his unfortunate wife and his two children with a rule of righteousness. Major Beith's play concerns itself with the efforts of our two young men in converting the revered J. P. to a new faith in humanity in general and horse-racing in particular. They succeed so well that before the final curtain is down Mr. Purdie has turned bookie.

Here certainly is no great or novel entertainment. But the Beith wit rode lightly over the old plot and there was fun aplenty. Not enough, however, to raise it from the doldrums of bad casting and the worst direction a play has had this season. The veteran O. P. Heggie, so good in that other Beith comedy, *Happy Go Lucky* (*née Tillie of Bloomsbury*), was mildly amusing as the sanctimonious Purdie, but his performance savored more of burlesque than a legitimate characterization. Alan Mowbray, an English actor, did well as Sprigge, one of the racing men who invade the J. P.'s home, and Betty Lilley and Alison Bradshaw invested with beauty and charm their respective rôles of Dulcie and Katie.

A PLEASANT little play, entitled *Friend Indeed* and accredited to Clayton Hamilton and Bernhard Voigt, was tentatively exhibited at the Central Park Theatre, which is the rather ornate title of a little lecture-room on West

Fifty-ninth Street, by a newcomer among producers, Mary Forrest. It appears that Mr. Hamilton's work was along constructive lines and that Mr. Voigt wrote the dialogue. It is only just to say that Mr. Voigt's share was far the better. The fault lay in the ungrantable devices that were employed to launch the story. The words given the actors to speak, however, were always well chosen and invariably natural. The play is one of those fatuous little things that purport to report the doings inside of a newspaper office, where the moribund sheet needs a boost to increase its circulation. A burglary is framed to give the paper a chance to get ahead of its rival with an account of it. Mr. Voigt has done clever work in characterization and text, and as this is his first play, we may expect future progress. The enterprise itself is more for enlisting the interest of commercial managers and movie directors than to yield a profit at this particular box-office. Mary Forrest hopes to continue along these lines. The company, while not brilliant, was adequate.

OUR habits this year may be bad, but as revealed by the revue at the Greenwich Village Theatre, *Bad Habits of 1926,* they are inoffensively bad. Not good enough to be bad—not bad enough to be good.

I had begun to accept the performance as the production of a college dramatic club, because of its naïveté, its amateurishness and general wholesomeness, until the falsely professional and sophisticated high spot of humor was hit. A little boy visiting the "Zoo" asks his mother whether he might feed the monkeys. The parent says "No," because the keeper informed her it is monkeys' mating time. The child insists. His mother suggests loudly that the monkeys might permit interruption for some peanuts. And a monkey's head shoots forward. Perry Ivins is responsible for these unnecessary, repugnant, meaningless and humorless lines—staged as one of the "bad habits."

Florence Selwyn sings rather charmingly "Let me be myself" in the second half of the program—and Ann Schmidt, in a dance, gives a subtle interpretation of "At the bath." The one really professional note in the entire performance is Kathryn Hamill, whose graceful poise as expressed in supple movement and absence of apparent effort is refreshing.

Bela Loblov, director of the orchestra, promised the audience a howling success—before the curtain rose—and much sympathy goes out to this optimistic leader, whose body throughout the performance is seen heaving up and down in an effort to lift the dullness for which Manning Sherwin, musical composer; Arthur Herzog, Jr., lyrical composer; Ralph Reader, stage director, and Joseph Mullen, costume and setting designer, were responsible.

Bad Habits of 1926 is a tremendous case for a dramatic surgeon, but I doubt even then whether the operation would prove successful.

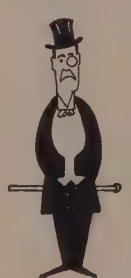
C. K. MUNROE, the English playwright, new to New York, has the happy knack of making plays out of nothing. One may call 'em plays by courtesy. I found them largely talk and froth. But this did not deter rival managements bidding for the London comedies and giving two of them simultaneous production on Broadway.

In *Beau Strings,* which had a brief run at the Mansfield, and in *At Mrs. Beam's,* seen at the Theatre Guild, Mr. Munroe has dramatized the spinster, the angular, acidulous, unmarried female, the smirking retailer of malicious gossip and scandal, one finds haunting the parlors of the cheaper hotels and boarding-houses. Miss Gee, the old maid in *Beau Strings,* and her fellow characters are the most verbose creatures imaginable. They talk, talk, talk—and arrive nowhere. It is quite impossible to gather from their flood of words just what the author wanted to put over in the way of an idea. One has just a faint glimmering that he wants to present his conviction that women who live with men, in or out of the holy bonds of matrimony, get to understand them better than old maids who see them only from afar. That fact should be obvious to everyone without a play to hammer it in.

The action takes place in the lounge of a small hydropathic hotel in England. Miss Gee sits around, waiting to pounce on any male who appears. She flatters and cajoles them in such fashion that the wonder is she didn't accumulate several husbands herself. She is firmly convinced that the wives of the husbands misunderstand them. The wives quarrel with the old maid and the old maid shows her claws, and in the end the men all depart with their mates, and the spinster sits there waiting for another "catch."

Estelle Winwood made a fairly interesting psychological specimen of the spinster. Joan Maclean displayed considerable personality and was very charming as the *bonne amie* of a concert singer.

THE other Munroe comedy, *At Mrs. Beam's,* the Theatre Guild's final production of the season, proved to be a surprisingly crude farce. The scene, laid in a London boarding-house, the action revolves around the more or less interesting personality of Miss Shoe, a comedy rôle played by Jean Cadell, an English actress imported for the occasion. Some people who have seen the piece think Miss Shoe, the spinster, loquacious as a parrot, prying into everyone's affairs, ever entering rooms at the wrong moment, a funny characterization. I did not. After the first few moments the part, played always in the same key, with identical business, began to bore me to extinction. Moreover, I understood only half the actress said, so rapid and inarticulate was her speech.



The story is so slight and absurd as to be hardly worth the telling. Mrs. Beam's boarders are all in a state of goose flesh because of Miss Shoe's theory that a notorious French murderer, who has already killed and eaten fifty women, is at that very moment an inmate of the boarding-house. There is one lodger, Mr. Dermott, whose actions are certainly suspicious, and when Miss Shoe accidentally opens his bedroom door and finds his wife on the floor and him standing over her, knife in hand, she is convinced he is the famous Bluebeard. Finally, when he is discovered to be nothing worse than a common thief and hotel beat, the excitement quiets down and life at Mrs. Beam's resumes its normal tranquillity.

There was nothing in the acting to atone for the poverty of the entertainment, except the fact that Helen Westley, as usual, enlivened the proceedings with good comedy. Lynn Fontanne looked pretty in a Spanish get-up as the crook's wife and Alfred Lunt played the Bluebeard. It was pathetic, to say the least, to see an actor of his quality wasting his time with such silly stuff as frightening a flock of hysterical women by brandishing a tin sword over their heads.

LITTLE MISS BROWN, the farce of many years ago, has reappeared as a musical comedy called *Kitty's Kisses* and is being presented by William A. Brady at the Playhouse. It is the first of the late Spring shows destined for a Summer run, but its fragility may not stand up under the heat. Principally it is a dancing show, acrobatic and otherwise, and the dancing is pretty fair, particularly the high jumping and the trick stuff of Nick Long, Jr. The story is thin, the singing negligible. A sweet—far too sweet as played by Dorothy Dilley—young girl, who lost her purse, and who is turned away from a hotel because she is without money or baggage, bluffs her way in by saying she is a married woman who expects her husband to arrive soon. So she is given the bridal suite with another woman's husband, and after that the trouble begins.

In addition to the burbling and gurgling Kitty, there is a whole group of school girls who flock into rooms in satin pajamas and burble and sing a bit and dance some more. Also there is the young man Kitty met on the train, played by John Boles, who has the trickiest pair of eyebrows on Broadway—added to a nice baritone voice.

CLARE KUMMER should be grateful to her manager-interpreter, Ernest Truex, for without his happy touch as a comedian I doubt that her play, *Pomeroy's Past,* would have lingered long at the Longacre. The story is of the thinnest possible texture, like most plays of the Kummer brand, and only by courtesy can the humor be said to be anything else than leaden. The tale, briefly outlined, is that of a débonair young bachelor, Pomeroy Chilton (Mr. Truex), who shocks his maiden sister, Amanda (Laura Hope Crews), by expressing the desire to adopt a child. He leads Amanda to believe the child is his by an illegitimate *liaison* and scandalizes the family and his fiancée, Mary (Helen Chandler), by admitting peccadilloes of which, of course, he is entirely innocent.

Mr. Truex is delightful throughout. His perfect naturalness, quiet insouciance and unfailing charm of manner are potent assets in winning his audiences. Laura Hope Crews is more artificial in her method of getting laughs. One senses that she is always waiting for the line to register. Helen Chandler was charming as the fiancée and Marjorie Kummer, a daughter of the author, did well as Francesca.

HOW A MODERNIST SEES THE PAST SEASON'S PLAYS

Emilio Amero, in the above impression of the season's productions, blends cynicism with humor. He has taken the leading plays and made a sort of crazy quilt of them in true psychic-eurythmic-cosmic-prognostic-futuristic fashion. How many of the year's plays has the artist got in his picture? See if you can puzzle each one out, and send in your answers to the Art Editor.

Is Anything Wrong With Our Theatre?

Prominent Americans Through "Theatre Magazine" Give Their Opinions of Present-Day Stage

A MIXTURE OF GOOD AND BAD

BY REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES,
Minister of the Community Church of New York

THE present-day theatre, like every other human institution, is a mixture of good and bad.

The bad, as represented and furthered by the commercial managers, is very bad. I doubt if the theatre in any age has ever been worse in this respect than it is to-day. Its offenses run all the way from a silliness that would be absolutely incredible if it were not on exhibition night after night at five or ten dollars a look, to an indecency that seems to be as inevitable in the theatre as a sewer in the street. This indecency has always been with us, and may at some periods have been viler than it is to-day. But the silliness marks a new level of triviality and drivel. Viewed in conjunction with what we see in the moving-picture world, the tabloid newspaper sheets, the popular magazines, etc., this would seem to indicate a sudden emergence from society of a new race of morons or half-wits. Where they come from, what they mean and what we are going to do with them apart from exploiting them commercially, is one of the pressing problems of the hour.

But the present-day theatre has good in it as well as bad. This present season, just now closing, has been lean enough, to be sure. But as I look over the past few years I see (1) a steady succession of fine plays, ably acted and enthusiastically supported by an intelligent public; (2) a first-class producing organization, the Theatre Guild, dedicated to the serious drama and sustained by a great company of co-operators; (3) little theatre groups, moved by the creative impulse and the real spirit of adventure; (4) the actors themselves organized in a producing society that has given noble revivals of great plays; (5) a distinguished actor-manager, Walter Hampden, successfully presenting a repertoire of Shakespearian and other classic dramas; (6) a group of able dramatists, headed conspicuously by Eugene O'Neill and George Kelly. A native theatre and drama are on the way here in America. They threaten to be engulfed at any time by the slimy flood of commercialism; they sadly lack the support of a genuinely serious and constructive criticism—our critics are, with two or three exceptions, either jesters or vulgarians; but thus far they are not only surviving but making progress.

In all this, of course, I am thinking primarily of New York. Is there a real theatre anywhere else in the United States? If not, is this not the one most alarming aspect of the present situation?

NEVER MORE ALIVE OR INTERESTING

BY MRS. GEORGE BELLOWS

NEVER has the Theatre been more alive or interesting to me than it is to-day.

To me the Theatre is one grand, exciting "Happy Hunting Ground." If I discover something peculiarly rare there I become most enthusiastic. I experienced this delightful reaction after seeing *The Great God Brown* and *Aucassin and Nicolette*. I suggested to my friends (mostly artists) that they see *Aucassin and Nicolette*. Eventually they did, although a "children's performance" seemed to have the most deadening effect on mind and legs. However, when the curtain went up, the last mind fogs of boredom were blown to the four winds. Miss King and Miss Coit, who made the performance possible, are making a real contribution to the Theatre. Their plays are beautiful and distinctive. The children add their own particular charm and humor.

I must not forget *The Bride of the Lamb,* which I enjoyed tremendously. To begin with, there is Alice Brady. She gave one of the greatest emotional performances I ever saw on the American stage. The entire play particularly struck home with me because I have been through an evangelical "campaign" in one of our mid-Western cities which made the one on the stage ring true. It would be unfair not to mention Verna, a perfect child, acted admirably by Arline Blackburn.

This past season of the Theatre seems to have been filled with enjoyment for me.

Never before in the history of the American theatre has so much criticism been directed against the stage. Some declare it too sordidly commercial, others that it is too nebulously futuristic, others that it is too lascivious, etc.

In this Symposium we have invited the opinions of people—not actors—whose reactions to the theatre as intelligent playgoers should be of special interest to our readers.

If you have any particular views on the subject, constructive or destructive, we shall be glad to print them, in a monograph not exceeding 500 words.

We are throwing this page open to the readers of THEATRE MAGAZINE. Your contributions are free to laud or condemn. Let them be unrestrained.

HONEST DRUGGISTS AND DOPE PEDDLERS

BY JOHN S. SUMNER,
Secretary: Society for the Suppression of Vice

IN a published letter of Dr. William Lyon Phelps to Mr. Percy Hammond, the learned teacher of the drama at Yale names five current plays as the ones "most worth missing," yet two of these plays, at least, are playing to crowded houses. All of them are offensive to common decency and many other current "attractions" are of the same type.

The trouble with the stage at the present time is that an appreciable section of it has come under the control of a cheap class of panderers. Their tastes are degenerate and they have, during the past few years, undertaken systematically and successfully to create an appetite for the low order of drama that appeals to their own sensual natures. This thing should have been stopped at the beginning. What was going on and what the outcome would be was perfectly apparent to those who keep a watch over the kind of entertainment offered to the public in playhouses licensed by the public authorities. But the general public was ignorant and when warned from time to time was apathetic, and as a consequence public officials felt justified in refraining from any punitive or restraining action for which they heard no insistent general demand. This gave the panderers a feeling of safety in purveying their particular brand of "dope," and as a consequence the poor fools who have become addicts have so increased in numbers and "smut hunger" that the filthiest shows are now sold out for weeks in advance. It is no credit to the stage nor to the people of New York that shows are produced and prosper here which the people and public authorities of other localities will not tolerate.

The decent element in the profession, the victims of the vicious element, have an immense responsibility placed upon them to save the stage from official interference. Can they do it? Some weeks ago there was a love-feast among church people and theatre people and each side patted the other on the back and promised to bring about reform—but there is no reform. Malodorous productions still prosper and still damn the silly little working girls who flock to these modern licensed schools of prostitution and the arts of the underworld.

There is much that is good on the stage, much that is entertaining and informing and inspiring, but that does not condone the section of the theatre that is rotten. There are plenty of honest druggists, but there are also the "dope" peddlers. The police take care of the latter. The police should take care of the panderers in the theatre.

Photos by Vandamm

Iolanthe, a fairy (*Adele Sanderson*), pleads with the Lord Chancellor (*Ernest Lawford*) to sanction the marriage of his ward, Phyllis (*Lois Bennett*), to Strephon, her son. Rebuffed, she reveals the wiles of Fairyland, whose magic wand had robbed the Lord Chancellor of her (his wife) and their son, Strephon

Strephon (*William Williams*), half fairy, half mortal, reassuring Phyllis that the woman she caught him kissing was his fairy mother, despite her being but seventeen and he five-and-twenty

The train-bearer to the Lord Chancellor (*Bert Prival*) bids godspeed to the happy wedding party of Fairyland to mortals

All of her fairies wedded to mortals, their Queen (*Vera Ross*) asks Private Wills, of the Grenadier Guards (*William C. Gordon*), how he would like to become a fairy guardsman. With marked "attention" to her strategic entrapping, he patriotically replies that he does not think much of a British soldier who wouldn't inconvenience himself for a lady

SUPERB "IOLANTHE" CHARMS AT THE PLYMOUTH THEATRE

Gilbert and Sullivan's clever satire and delightful music given a gorgeous revival

The "Circus Princess" Triumphs in Vienna

Kalman's New Musical Piece the Operetta Sensation of Europe

By PAUL BECHERT

"Theatre Magazine's" Special Correspondent

Vienna, May 15, 1926.

WILL he "come back"? Will Emmerich Kalman succeed in duplicating the tremendous success of his *Countess Maritza,* which has been the operetta sensation of Vienna—and Vienna is still the operetta center of the world—for the last two years? That was the question which hovered on the lips of the brilliant audience which assembled at the Theater an der Wien, Vienna, for the first performance of *The Circus Princess.*

Kalman has created almost nothing but sensational successes for twenty years past. From *Der Zigeunerprimas,* known in America as *Sari,* to *Countess Maritza* there stretches a long series of operettas of which not one was really an outspoken failure. Kalman beats all his famous colleagues in this respect. Lehar has had several failures, although his most famous piece, *The Merry Widow,* reached the record of 500 consecutive performances at Vienna. Oskar Straus has not been equally happy with all his works, and even the most popular of them, *The Waltz Dream,* with 600 consecutive nights at Vienna, still remained by a full 100 below the record which Kalman established with *Maritza.* It has been going for over 700 nights at Vienna, in an uninterrupted run, reaching the highest number ever established by any operetta in that traditional operetta city, Vienna. It is estimated that Kalman cleared eight billions of Austrian crowns on this piece so far—and even before it has crossed the Channel, much less the Atlantic. Eight billions! It sounds formidable. Figuring in the currency of Irving Berlin, it is barely $90,000, a mere trifle. But one of those sentimental retrospective Viennese statisticians has just figured out that the average income of Franz Schubert—one of Kalman's early colleagues and not the worst one of his time—amounted to approximately 60 florins, or 24 dollars a month. So, after all, Herr Kalman ought to be dissatisfied with his success.

THE verdict of the first-nighters was unanimous. From President Hainisch, the venerable head of the Austrian Republic, down (or up) to the ice-cream boy in the gallery, there was only one voice of enthusiastic approval; and the theatrical managers who had come from near-by Budapest, from far-off Berlin and still more remote Paris and London to witness what was an avowedly international artistic event and to secure their performing rights while they were still to be had at a bargain, shared the general opinion. No less than forty contracts had been signed two days after the première by the managers of as many European theatres.

Kalman's librettists stick to the aristocratic environments which are a time-honored requisite of successful Viennese operettas. Their hero is "Mr. X.," a "man with a past," a Russian grand duke, like his more democratically inclined brother of *The Orlow* fame. But so far from toiling for American capital, he has chosen the more lucrative career of a circus artist. He is brave as Russian grand dukes are wont to be in operettas, and no less sentimental than his more lowly born brethren of the tenor variety. This grand duke has left the Russian army and his princely home (we are still in pre-war Russia) to escape his mad and unhappy love for the betrothed of his uncle. She is, quite naturally, also a princess and as beautiful as princesses must be—in fairy-tales and operettas. Exchanging his gilded officer's uniform for the sulky yet most becoming attire of a love-sick Pierrot, his heart bleeding with sorrow over his lost Lenore, Mr. X. performs his merry stunts amid what a Freudian might term the "Pagliacci complex." This operetta composite of Lon Chaney and Sylvester Schäffer even sings his "Ridi Pagliacci," which clever Emmerich Kalman has clad in a less dramatic but more timely 2/4 rhythm.

Scene in *The Circus Princess*—The Waltz of Enticement. "Mr. X.," the disguised Russian prince (*Hubert Marischka*), regains the heart of Princess Palinska (*Betty Fischer*) with his violin

NEEDLESS to say, the vainly loved princess, who has meanwhile become a widow—and a rather merry one—turns up in the circus and immediately proceeds to do what it has been the lot of operetta princesses to do for many years past: She falls in love with the princely Lon Chaney. She outdoes even her sisters of the operetta type for weak memory. She does not realize the identity of Mr. X., the mysterious masked man, and does not even recognize her one-time suitor when he enters in the glorious dress of the Russian Life Guards to exchange rings with his beloved. When she ultimately realizes that she has married a circus artist, and has thus merited the title of the operetta—this situation provides the indispensable and strikingly melodramatic finale of Act II—she turns in disdain of her *mésalliance* and dismisses her betrothed without even allowing him the bridal kiss. In the third act, of course, everything is mended. The princess, having realized the high rank of her newlywed husband, receives him back with open arms. And aristocratic superstition and true love triumph in the end.

THE librettists have done good, practical work. The first act, with its atmosphere of the circus, is excellent as an opportunity for display and fun. No pains are spared: a "pony ballet" of handsome girls vies with a fine live steed on which Mr. X. makes his triumphant entrance in the ring. Twelve trained dogs perform their antics, and the acme of hilarity is reached when a trained goose wends its noisy way across the stage, the poor fowl emitting wailing sounds and showing palpable annoyance over the unwelcome attention of the people on the stage and in front of it. With all its conventional features, the book is very good: it serves as a pretext for wonderful settings and affords Kalman, the composer, the cues for finely colored music.

Kalman, experienced craftsman of operetta, has missed none of these opportunities. The circus environment gives him a chance for nice parodistic music: a clever imitation of a Dutch band, with Stravinskyan "false basses." The Russian ballet in the second act finds him well armed with genuine Moscovite rhythms, and the third act, laid at Vienna, draws forth at least one very enticing Viennese melody with the characteristic "thirds" in the accompani-

(*Continued on page* 56)

Florence Vandamm Studio

QUEENIE SMITH AS SHE "TIPTOES" AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE

Nimble feet and buoyant personality were the means of carrying this comédienne into the limelight from the Metropolitan ballet. She alighted on the musical comedy stage through the medium of "Roly Boly Eyes" and "Helen of Troy, N. Y.," today ranking among the most popular of Broadway's entertainers

Why I Prefer to Play the Scarlet Woman

Mother Goddam Tells Why She Continues to Act Hectic Rôles

By FLORENCE REED

PAUL BOURGET, the famous novelist, was once asked by a lady of his acquaintance, "Why do you always write of bad women? Why do you not sometimes write of good women?" To which M. Bourget replied, "But what is there to write?"

I have only played one good woman in seven years. That was in *Ashes*. The play ran three weeks. The fact is self-evident.

I shall go on playing the bad woman so long as the managers want me to play her.

I protest against being called a stage vampire. The word is a stench in the nostrils. Experienced women, sophisticated women, bad women, abandoned women, if you like, but not vampires.

Women of that class interest audiences. The public proved that by ardently and enthusiastically staying away from *Ashes* and by filling the houses in which I play scarlet women.

Women of that kind are of special interest to the actress. Haven't the great ones all played them? Recall the peaks of Rachel and Duse and Bernhardt's shining careers. Their most famous rôles are those of so-called lost souls, though I have never been sure their souls were lost. Haven't all actresses wanted to play Camille since Dumas created her? She was the greatest rôle of America's greatest emotional actress, Clara Morris, and of that other one, nearly as great, Matilda Heron, the mother of Mrs. Henry Miller.

And Tosca? What actress who had the power, and what actress who hadn't, but has wanted to play Tosca? The rôle that has been rated as "the wickedest woman on the stage," La Femme de Claude, was one of Bernhardt's greatest favorites and most illuminated portrayals. La Femme de Claude, with her habit of peregrinations from home, was not a saint nor even a sugar-coated sinner. But she was interesting, and Sarah Bernhardt attacked the study of her with mental relish.

Phèdre was Rachel's greatest rôle. Phèdre was a Greek Mrs. Potiphar. But when Hippolytus, her stepson, repulsed her she slandered him, and when her slanders caused him to be put to death, she strangled herself. Most unconventional, even in the dim morning of the world, but she interested Rachel and Bernhardt, and because she interested them they made her interest their audiences.

THE heroine who does not live by the conventional standards interests the managers because they know that she interests the audiences. And when they hear of one who is especially, let us say emphatic, they think of Florence Reed.

That is the situation and I accept it.

I began my career on the stage with the usual ingénues and leading parts. I had the benefit of direction by one of the best directors in the theatre, Malcolm Williams. He taught me all that I know about acting. That I have married him does not lessen my respect for his stage direction.

It "just happened" that I was cast for an "abandoned woman," my first turpitudinous character, in *The Typhoon*. I was a Viennese *sans* principle, *sans* morals, who enslaved a Japanese. That was the beginning of what may be called my moral descent on the stage. Inversely, though, it was the beginning of higher and higher salaries with pleasing percentages of the weekly receipts. I played "The Painted Woman." I was leaving far behind my comedy rôle in *Seven Days,* in which I first made any impression upon the theatre public in New York. In *The Yellow Ticket* I got farther away from Mary Roberts Rinehart's gay little play of a quarantine and the ensuing complications. The character I played in *The Yellow Ticket* carried pathos in its wake. She was the victim of circumstances, as most persons are. Then the untamed young thing in *The Wanderer* and the lawless one in *Chu Chin Chow*. Then *The Mirage* and *The Lullaby* and then the brief and expensive stage reformation in *Ashes* and now Mme. Goddam in *The Shanghai Gesture*.

"The Scarlet Woman is of special interest to the actress. All the great actresses have played her. There is no question but that audiences are interested in her psychology. I have known many women of the so-called unprincipled, unmoral type. In understanding, and sympathy and generosity, in sweep of vision, they were greater than the women who had preserved their virtue and with it petty minds and small souls."

Mme. Goddam, like the others, is interesting. Lawless women never fail of interest. Social pirates, like those of the high seas, stir the pulses of the mind. But Mme. Goddam is unique. She is the most difficult rôle I have ever played.

Throughout the play her facial muscles never change. The Manchu face is impassive. Her voice has little variety. I never make an exit. I am on the stage at the fall of each curtain and practically all the rest of the time. Yet no one has said that Mme. Goddam is monotonous.

I rely most upon my voice to project the moods of the play. My body must be nearly rigid. That, too, Manchu tradition demands. I play throughout in three notes. There is the middle note for the formal moments. The high, clipped, staccato tones are most celestial. I use them when she is most Chinese. And the low tones, seldom used except in deepest emotion. Only in the last moments when she kneels above the body of the girl whom she has scorned and who, she discovers, is her own child, do I break through one of those tones. Then it is pierced with a sob.

It is the most difficult rôle I have ever played because it is overlaid with restraint. The untamed spirits in *The Wanderer* and *Chu Chin Chow* expressed themselves through palpitant bodies and with uncurbed voices and faces that might be swept with tempests. *The Lullaby* had those aids and the other aid of contrast in mood and settings. The heroine of *The Mirage* imposed no restraints upon her expression.

The audience helps me to play Mme. Goddam. Its sympathy and understanding are aids in projecting the character. It is what I might call an interchangeable rôle, for there is a constant interchange of emotion between the proud, vengeance-tortured soul on the stage and the people who witness the weaving of her plot for revenge.

Mme. Goddam seems to me more than a wronged and vindictive woman. She seems a symbol of vengeance. She has the dignity of an instrument of fate. She is Medea in the robes and the sandals of a Manchu. *The Shanghai Gesture* reminds me again and again of Medea. It has the inevitableness of Euripides' play of vengeance.

WHO is the wickedest woman of the drama?

Not Camille, who loved much and sacrificed and atoned. Not Phèdre nor La Femme de Claude nor Tosca. That wickedest woman is Lady Macbeth. She is a wanton, though within the law. She, by her charms, makes her husband a murderer. She is feminine ambition and cruelty raised to the highest power. I want, some time, to play her.

I have known many women of the so-called unprincipled, unmoral type. In understanding, and sympathy, and generosity, in sweep of vision they were greater than the women who had preserved their virtue and with it petty minds and small souls. But knowing these women has not helped me to play their type. I am more and more convinced that acting is an art built upon insight. It is in greater measure subjective and, in less measure, objective.

Summing up my argument for the woman outside the social pale, who has departed from the conventional standards, I repeat that I shall go on playing her as long as the managers ask me to do so.

Vandamm

Joseph Macauley as the gipsy in Galsworthy's play, *A Bit of Love.* This young actor is also remembered for his very fine impersonation of the Inquisitor in Shaw's *Saint Joan*

Vandamm

Florence Reed did not hesitate to sacrifice her good looks when her artistic conscience demanded a perfect make-up as Mother Goddam in *The Shanghai Gesture*

Vandamm

Reginald Bach, a young English actor of much promise, in a masterful character study as David Rysin, a grouchy lower middle-class grandfather in the drama *If Four Walls Told*

Arvid Paulson, the young Scandinavian actor, first established himself on Broadway as Nogo in *The Willow Tree.* Later he was applauded as Quong in *Curiosity.* A recent performance as Peer Gynt on the radio stands out as an unrivaled achievement among dramatic performances on the air. His character studies are remarkable, as may be seen by this impersonation as Stan in *The Peasant's Revolt*

Photo
Underwood & Underwood

MASTERS OF MAKE-UP

Interpretive skill added to a little grease-paint have produced these vital masks

Aren't We All—Acting?

In the Restaurant, On the Avenue, At the Theatre Men and Women Are Merely Players

By PAUL HORGAN

MAN, the Master, is rarely masterful except in public, and even then his dominancy is masked under some softening, polite form of comportment. The average person, finding himself in a crowd of his fellows, automatically summons all his dramatic skill and proceeds to act. His rôle often changes, if he is a subtle creature, for the quality of his momentary companions governs, usually, the attitude he shall strike. As for the Public Figure, he can rarely afford to relax his posture of attained magnificence—unless it be relaxed with a sudden, frank and disarming avowal of democratic equality.

Consider the concert singer: on the stage his every action is well planned. Some affect businesslike entrances, taking notice of their auditors only when the haven of the piano-L has been attained. Others make of a concert a most casual affair—saunter out, perhaps even a little awkwardly, to show, tactfully, that we're all human and that *all* of us have our little rough spots. I think especially here of Mr. Werrenrath, whose concert deportment is evidently well arranged into an elaborate naturalness. Even his evening clothes are superbly tactful—they don't fit quite perfectly. Mr. Louis Graveure, on the other hand, practices a more aristocratic easiness on the stage. A touch of gentle *hauteur* pervades the delivery of his *arias* and *chansonettes*. I once saw him shame a large audience by the simplest means.

He was about to sing the prologue to *I Pagliacci*. The accompanist was thundering the introduction, when there came a complementary crash from the rear of the hall: a collapsible chair had, with human assistance, justified the aims of its makers by collapsing. Graveure raised his head ever so slightly and held it thus—the beard pointing at the offending chair, the eyes coldly empty, the white hands delicately engaged with the monocle. At the first slight movement, the piano had hushed its sound, quickly—almost, in horror, inhaling the chords it had just given out.

In the hall, blushing silence.

On the stage, silent shock.

THE tableau was sustained an incredibly long minute. Then the baritone lowered his head slowly, the piano gathered courage to forget the unhappy incident, and the Leoncavallic palimpsest was resumed. On that occasion, Graveure was informally clothed in evening dress, the coat of which was of black velvet, cut like a smoking jacket.

It is impossible to believe that such delightful habits are not studied. Certainly they are the more amusing for being prepared . . . perhaps not so rigorously in detail as I would suggest; but if the public manner of a well-known person is even half thought over, the details (if he be a tolerably good actor) will of themselves appear to be in character.

My particular pleasure in public manners is found on the concert platform more than in the hotel, or at the lecture, or in the pulpit (although certain Roman Catholic prelates I have seen have been superb actors). I have noted the following idiosyncrasies in certain artists, most of them well executed: Jeritza strides onto the stage, her head thrust forward, her arms swinging from well-developed shoulders. Her first acknowledgment of the applause comes as a breath-taking drop into the muscular intricacies of a court curtsy, from which she makes a remarkable and almost instantaneous recovery. Alfred Cortot swoons to his Steinway and seems to reach it just in time. Once there, he is all right, and one is no longer worried about him. Gigli, whose advertisements disarmingly confess him to be the "world's greatest tenor," has been known to disport himself on the concert stage in a manner rather more appropriate to whatever vaudeville circuit is inferior to Pantages.

Jascha Heifetz is unyieldingly magnificent. His entire performance is excellent and in the best of taste. He is, apparently, there to play music, and that he does, with no nonsense about the audience being out there, etc. Schumann-Heink permits her by no means negligible self the most intimate *rapport* with her listeners. Recently she remarked, perhaps a trifle extravagantly, to the thousands of radio-listeners for whom she had just sung:

"I luff you! I luff you!"

As a last example of the concert-actor, I produce my favorite specimen—Marguerite D'Alvarez. Ah, the weary, the suffering lady! The heart in her that all but breaks when she sings! The warm sadness that she breathes into her voice! The coiffure, black and heavy in its coils; the majestic gown, the drooping earrings, the slow and almost painful course she must, perforce, navigate between the proscenium and the patient piano! All this, indeed, serves to make her concerts vastly interesting, and, of course, in no way detracts from the magnificence of her voice or the passion of her singing, since, really, these two elements are the major ones of her pose.

In world affairs good actors are to be found. A recent classic example was Kaiser Wilhelm. No one questions the validity of his claim to theatrical eminence. Roosevelt also was adroit in dramatics of many varieties. Politicians, for the most part, all enact the same rôle—Wilson, the tragedian in a few isolated moments; Bryan, the comedian, in his entire characterization. Mussolini now wears a cape of ermine made up of Wilhemic, Wilsonian, Napoleonic and Alexandrine fragments.

But let us turn from the stage of music. In world affairs also are the good actors to be found. One of the recent classic examples was Kaiser Wilhelm der Zweite. I never saw him. But just as one can sense from a photograph of Chaliapin *en rôle* that he is a great actor, so can one grant from the pre-war and war-time portraits of the Kaiser the validity of his claim to theatrical eminence. The late Mr. Roosevelt also was adroit in dramatics of many varieties. Politicians, for the most part, all enact the same rôle; it is only when an exceptional mountebank comes along that the rôle assumes any dignity (if he be a tragedian—*viz.* Wilson in a few isolated moments), or any hilarity (if he be a comedian—*viz.* Bryan in his entire characterization). Commendatore Mussolini now wears a cape of ermine made up of Wilhelmic, Wilsonian, Napoleonic and Alexandrine fragments.

OF actresses, past or present, there is one supremely talented figure who looms across the footlights of history: Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope. There was a born poseuse! In her proud position as ruler of the Pitt drawing-room in London, in her madly conducted passions, in her Hegira to the East, she displayed a singularly rich and entertaining talent. There is the story of her devotion to Lord Gower—"the intoxicating Antinous." Strachey, in his delicious essay in "Books and Characters," says:

> "Lord Granville (Leveson Gower), after flirting with her outrageously, declared he could never marry her, and went off on an embassy to St. Petersburg. Her distraction was extreme: she hinted that she would follow him to Russia; she threatened, and perhaps attempted, suicide; she went about telling everybody that he had jilted her. She was taken ill, and then there were rumors of an accouchement, which, it was said, she took care to *afficher*, by appearing without rouge and fainting on the slightest provocation."

There followed then a period of various misfortunes, so grievous that she at first retired from London and shortly after left England forever. See her in circumstances superb for the actress:

(*Continued on page* 58)

"We Laugh and Broadway Laughs With Us"

Photos Vandamm

GEORGE MORAN AND CHARLES MACK

The burnt-cork partnership of Moran and Mack has tickled theatregoers' risibilities since 1917. Mack is the tall, listless coon, drawling and disconsolate, and Moran the colored gent who attempts to raise their conversation to the realm of common sense. In this laudable effort Mack frustrates him at every turn. Last season the pair invaded Albion, where the critics likened Mack to Lord Balfour

WILLIAM BAILEY AND DAVID BARNUM

Mr. Bailey is that gentleman who blisters a banjo into a white melodic fury in the *Greenwich Village Follies*, the while his associate, Mr. Barnum, sings high-temperature ballads of the levees and his home in Alabam'. There is no significance in their nomenclature, as neither has ever illuminated the spectacle of the Brothers Ringling. They assume a make-up of tawny tint during their exercises in the revue which leads many of the seat holders to believe that they have escaped from *Lulu Belle*. The suspicion is groundless

BURNT CORK IN "THE GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES"

Hilarious funmakers who keep audiences in an uproar at the Shubert Theatre

One of the Family

A Comedy in Three Acts

by

KENNETH WEBB

THIS is a striking example of the phenomenon which sometimes occurs in the theatre—a play, at the end of its second week apparently a failure, suddenly beginning to build into one of the season's enduring successes. "One of the Family" opened late in January, occupied three different theatres, but is still running. Its story is unimportant but clean and consistently amusing, and the principal rôles of Henry Adams and Aunt Priscilla are excellently played by Grant Mitchell and Louise Closser Hale. The following condensation is published through the courtesy of the author, Kenneth Webb, and the producer, John Tuerk.

THE CAST

(As produced at the Eltinge Theatre by John Tuerk)

George Adams	Raymond Van Sickle
Maggie	Beulah Bondi
Penelope Adams	Leila Frost
Lucy Adams	Georgia Backus
Miss Priscilla Adams	Louise Closser Hale
Irene Adams	Margaret Landis
Frank Owens	Fleming Ward
Henry Adams	Grant Mitchell
Joyce Smith	Kay Johnson
Martin Burke	Edward Donnelly

THE first act takes place in the living-room of the old Adams mansion, Back Bay, Boston—a Spring evening about five o'clock. The Adamses are eminently respectable, the impeccable progeny of the illustrious great-great-great-grandfather Samuel, who had affixed his signature to the Declaration of Independence. Even the Adams mansion seems to be architecturally aloof from its neighbors, a symbol of the uncompromising standards of its founders.

Henry, the oldest son, is theoretically the head of the family, although actually that position of moral guardianship has fallen to Aunt Priscilla. A maiden lady of doubtful age but fixed opinions, Aunt Priscilla has "brought up" her brother's children and shared in the income from his estate. The children include Penelope, the youngest, a little rebellious on occasion; George, the younger brother, and Lucy, the older sister. George's wife, Irene, lives with them and, having been a Cabot before her marriage, she is more or less accepted as one of the family.

When the play opens, Henry, the eldest son, has come home to announce his engagement and to a young lady no one had ever heard of. The family has had some inkling of the affair from one Frank Owens, a rather rascally gentleman inclined to trouble-making, but informed on the present matter by virtue of the fact that the young woman in question happens to be his uncle's private secretary. Owens' attentions to Irene have been rather more ardent than discreet and lead, as we shall presently see, to unpleasant complications.

Henry has no sooner arrived and made his announcement when Aunt Priscilla takes him to task.

HENRY: Good Lord, aunt—I don't mean what you mean. I asked her to marry me because I love her—love her better than anything in the world.

AUNT (*horrified*): Better than your family?

HENRY: It's different. I love my family—but Joyce means everything to me. Everything!

AUNT: Everything? You've been brought up a good Episcopalian, and that sounds sacrilegious.

HENRY: I don't mean it to be. I have a great respect for whatever powers there be, but my love for Joyce is more personal.

AUNT: But who is she? Who are her people? There are all kinds of Smiths in the world.

HENRY: She's an orphan.

AUNT: Is that all you know of her?

HENRY: And the sweetest girl in the world.

AUNT: You've asked a girl to marry you, and you don't know one thing about her except that she's a girl. Mr. Owens said she was a stenographer.

HENRY: A private secretary.

AUNT: Yes, I know. To that notorious Martin Burke.

HENRY: Good heavens, aunt. He's famous! He owns the biggest string of grocery stores in the country. I only wish I had the good fortune to work for him.

AUNT: You're not thinking of leaving your present employment, I hope—the same position your father died in.

HENRY: Don't worry. I haven't the chance. I have only met Mr. Burke once—and then he gave me the devil for taking his secretary away from him.

AUNT: It isn't like you to do this thing without consulting me.

HENRY: But you're not marrying her, aunt.

AUNT: To think that you—of all people—should do this preposterous thing.

HENRY: What's preposterous in a man getting married?

AUNT: You never thought of it before.

HENRY: I never met Joyce before.

AUNT: But none of us has seen her.

HENRY: That's easily remedied. She's at the hotel, just down the street, waiting for me to tell you all about it. I want you to ask her to dinner. I'm going to call for her at six o'clock.

AUNT (*beginning to feel sorry for herself*): We've all been so happy here together, and now you want to bring a stranger into this house—someone none of us know——

HENRY: When a man marries he usually consults his heart, not his family. And as to bringing her into this house, we are going to have our own home.

AUNT: What? You're going to leave us? George and Irene live here. I don't see why you——

HENRY: I think it's wiser.

AUNT: But what will you do without your family to look after you?

HENRY: Really, aunt, I think a man of my age should be able to look after himself.

AUNT (*sobbing*): The boy that has been just like my own son. Haven't I given up my whole life to you children? What have I done to deserve this?

Aunt Priscilla is consoled after some trouble and the other members of the family somewhat mollified. Henry's check book frequently comes in handy and on the present occasion is generously utilized as a peacemaker. The question as to whether this generosity will continue after his marriage seems to be the worry uppermost in their minds.

A short time later Henry returns from the hotel with his fiancée—a wholesomely pretty girl of about twenty-five. Her natural poise seems to have caught a little of Henry's nervousness as she gazes about the room, cluttered with its grotesque heirlooms.

HENRY: Is the place at all as you expected?

JOYCE: Just exactly as you described it. But now that I'm here, I'm frightened. It is lovely, isn't it? So peaceful——

HENRY: Want to change your mind and live here after all?

JOYCE: No, dear. I think I will like our own little home even better than this. I worked for a lawyer once, and he said that interfering families cause more divorces than cruelty, desertions and infidelity combined.

HENRY: But my family is different.

JOYCE: Of course. You've told me so much about them, I feel I know them already. I hope they'll like me.

HENRY: How could they help it?

JOYCE: If they're anything like you, I'll adore them. . . . You know, I've been so lonely

Florence Vandamm Studio

GRANT MITCHELL IN "ONE OF THE FAMILY" AT THE ELTINGE

This amusing comedy, which began its career on Broadway with no great prospects of success, has caught the public fancy and now promises to run all summer. Henry Adams (Grant Mitchell) brings home his bride and, unaware of his Maiden Aunt's (Louise Closser Hale) frigid presence, is reassuring his terrified little wife (Kay Johnson), that she will be warmly welcomed as "One of the Family"

all my life for a family, I'll just adopt yours.

Henry shows her the family art gallery, and in the midst of their inspection the living members of that gallery parade into the room—Aunt Priscilla, Lucy, Irene, Penelope, George and Maggie, the cook—a sombre cortège of the Adams clan. In suite of Henry's best efforts, the introductions are awkwardly formal.

AUNT: I hear that you and my nephew motored down.

JOYCE: Oh, yes—and it was wonderful. All the trees in blossom——

AUNT: Did I understand that you were an orphan?

JOYCE: Yes.

AUNT: Perhaps that is the reason you do not realize that such a proceeding might be considered—er—rather unconventional.

HENRY: Joyce and I aren't going to be conventional. We don't believe in long engagements or large weddings and we intend to have a honeymoon that will last forever.

AUNT: Don't talk like a silly child. We have always done things properly in this family and I'm sure Miss——

HENRY: Joyce.

AUNT: ——will agree with me that a long engagement will enable you both to find out if this is just a Spring flirtation——

HENRY: But aunt——

AUNT: Please do not interrupt. You have said that you are an orphan, my dear, so I take the liberty of advising you. I have never been a mother, but I have taken a mother's place with all these children, so I feel I have sufficient experience to advise you. If, at the end of a year, you and Henry still care for each other, it will be time enough to talk about marriage; though for my part, I think that a large church wedding is the only decent kind for people of breeding.

JOYCE: But, Harry—haven't you told——

HENRY: There can't be any long engagement or large wedding.

AUNT: Why not?

HENRY: Don't you understand? We *are* married——

AUNT: Married! By whom? In what church?

HENRY: We couldn't find a minister. We were married by a justice of the peace.

AUNT: Justice of the p—— Henry, pack your bag and go to the club. Lucy, get the army cot from the basement and put it in my room. Until the large church wedding can take place, Miss Smith will sleep with me.

* * * * * * * * *

THE second act takes place in the home of Henry Adams, just outside Boston—a Fall evening about five o'clock. It is a pretty modern home, small but livable. It is soon apparent that the Summer has not been particularly tranquil. The "large church wedding" has been duly celebrated and the spectre of Aunt Priscilla and the Adams traditions still manages to haunt the new abode. It seems to be symbolized in the ghastly Adams wedding gifts that have had, perforce, to be hung on walls and stuck on the mantelpiece.

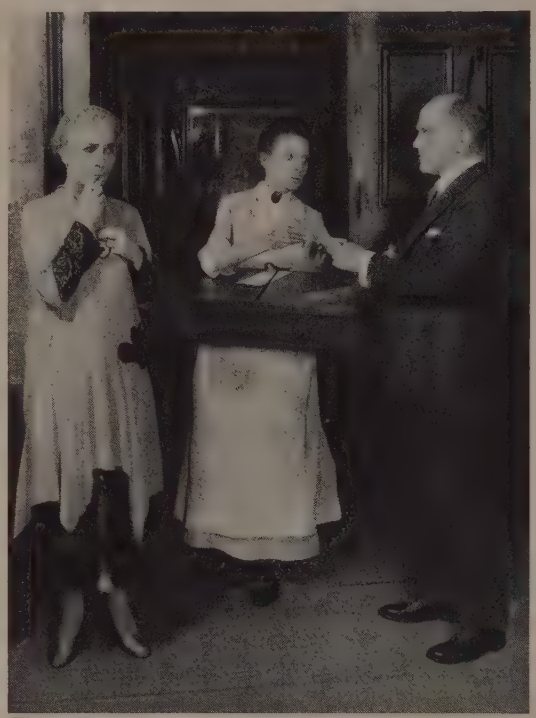
Joyce has used her influence with Martin Burke and Henry has been promised a job with the financier's company, at a slightly less salary but with brighter prospects for the future. To celebrate the occasion they have invited Mr. Burke to supper. Henry has made elaborate preparations, even to securing a bottle of the old man's favorite cocktails. Henry has never touched liquor, but to avoid embarrassment Joyce promises to make him a fruit lemonade that will have the same appearance as the cocktails and none of the disturbing effects.

HENRY: The steward at the club said these were Mr. Burke's favorite brand of cocktails. The kind, he said, that would make a chipmunk spit in a bull dog's eye.

JOYCE: Henry! What would your aunt say? . . . Did you happen to ask the steward anything about Mr. Burke's preference as to food?

HENRY: He eats anything.

JOYCE: I'm glad of that. Everyone in *your* family is on a diet and each one is different.



White

Act I—Maggie (*Beulah Bondi*) delivers the Aunt's latest purchase to the family financier, Henry Adams (*Grant Mitchell*). One hundred and fifty-nine dollars is the price of Joyce Smith's admission to the family

(*Takes magazines from his arms and spreads on table.*) What on earth did you bring this for? (*Holds up "Town Talk."*)

HENRY: George showed me something in it about Frank Owens—thought we'd be interested. I don't like that fellow—even if he is Burke's nephew—and anything said against him is music to my ears. He's always so blamed patronizing. He'll never forgive me for stealing you from under his very nose. . . . You can't deny it. He was crazy about you. . . . It's on page eighteen.

JOYCE: Oh, yes. (*Reads.*) "Bulldog Owens has been seen very often lately in the company of a very charming young matron. The husband in the case, like the proverbial love, is blind, but friends are beginning to chatter, so who knows when his eyes will be opened? However, even if he does become aware of the indiscretions of his charming better half, it is fortunate for him that the duel is no longer *'au fait,'* for what chance would a respectable but stuffy business man have against this handsome and athletic Lothario?" . . . Rather nasty!

HENRY: Charming wife of a stuffy business man—might mean us—eh?

JOYCE: You're not stuffy! I won't even let you think of it.

Henry leaves in the car to pick up Burke at the club, and while he is gone Irene comes in. Her arrival is quite unexpected, but it develops that she has arranged to meet Frank Owens there. Joyce does not like the idea.

JOYCE: Do you think it is quite fair to George to allow yourself to get talked about?

IRENE: Who's talking? (*Joyce holds up "Town Talk."*) Oh—you've seen that? Frank will just about kill that editor. I hope George doesn't see it.

JOYCE: He already has—he showed it to Harry.

IRENE: Do they know——

JOYCE: Neither of them suspected. There's something in favor of having a clean-minded husband, isn't there? I'll see you through this time—but it'll have to be the last.

Again the doorbell rings and Frank Owens makes his appearance. Joyce is crisply polite, but in the midst of their talk footsteps sound on the veranda, and the entire Adams tribe make their presence known. Quickly speeding Irene out the back way, to avoid meeting George, Joyce busies herself straightening up the room while Frank Owens tries to appear nonchalantly at ease. Aunt Priscilla and her retinue come in and the situation evidently does not escape her sharp, peering eyes.

When Henry returns with Mr. Burke, the enemy is in complete possession and it remains for Joyce to make the best of the larder on hand. Presently Aunt Priscilla has cornered Henry.

AUNT: I haven't had a moment's peace, worrying about you since you left home, Henry. This place is damp and malarial. Have you put on your Winter flannels yet?

HENRY: No—not yet.

AUNT: Your father always used to change his by Labor Day. You've changed so in your ways, Henry, that I hardly know you any more. And tell me, what is this I hear about your changing your position? Surely, you're not going to leave a fine old position for something none of us know anything about?

HENRY: I know about it. Joyce says——

AUNT: What can she know? You never used to decide anything without consulting me. And, Henry—a smaller salary! How will you manage? When you give us all our allowances, won't you and Joyce have to economize terribly?

HENRY (*with a show of temper*): You must remember that those allowances are purely gratuitous. You could just as well live within your income. However, I'll talk it over with you later.

Aunt Priscilla is deeply affected and, a few moments later, takes occasion to enlighten Mr. Burke concerning his prospective employee.

AUNT: I understand my boy has accepted a position with you, Mr. Burke.

BURKE: Your boy——

AUNT: I always speak of him as my boy. I have always been like a mother to the children, Henry, his brother George, and the two girls.

BURKE: Quite a large family.

AUNT: I can't realize they are grown up. Even Henry, who is the eldest, has changed so little. Have you ever seen any of his baby pictures?

BURKE: I can't say that I have.

Aunt Priscilla gets out the family album and for some moments Mr. Burke is exceedingly bored.

(*Continued on page* 50)

Dance expressing life as a geometric problem. This peculiar effect is produced by a white design on black costumes which are placed against a black curtain. Senia Gluck, who with his partner, Felicia Sorel, are now appearing in the larger cities before beginning a European tour, are using the eternal triangle as a theme

Photos by Maurice Goldberg

Senia Gluck here suggests one of the paintings of the famous Florentine friar artist, Fra Angelica

In this dance, "Sarcasms," Gluck and Sorel imitate puppets expressing the revived vogue of marionettes

EXPRESSIONISM IN THE DANCE

Eccentric terpsichorean interpretations of every-day moods

On the London Stage

"The Ringer," New Detective Play, a Hit. Bare Legs and the "Cochran Revue"

By ST. JOHN ERVINE
"Theatre Magazine's" Special Correspondent

London, June 15, 1926.

EDGAR WALLACE, the author of *The Ringer,* performed recently at Wyndham's for the first time, has written a multitude of novels and is reputed to be able to turn out a complete book or play in the time in which ordinary mortals fill a fountain pen. You meet Mr. Wallace, so to speak, on Tuesday afternoon and you say to him, "I wish you'd do a play for me!" "Right!" says Mr. Wallace. You meet him on Wednesday afternoon and you say, "Got any ideas for that play, Wallace?" "Ideas! My dear chap, I've *done* the play! . . ." This piece must have been easy work for him; for he made it out of one of his novels, "The Gaunt Stranger," and you may guess how good the play is when I say that I am going out to get a copy of the novel.

This is one of the best detective plays I have ever seen. It differs from all other pieces of its kind in this important respect that there is no hocus-pocus about it. The audience is not put off the scent by alarms and excursions and bells and lights and spurious mysteries, which are never afterwards explained for the good reason that they are inexplicable. No, Mr. Wallace tells a genuine tale, and tells it with extraordinary dexterity. I proudly announce to the world that I spotted *The Ringer* almost from the word "go," but so skillfully has Mr. Wallace done his work that several times I faltered a little in my faith, and was half-persuaded by my neighbor to believe that an entirely innocent, but extremely disagreeable, person was the wanted man.

I do not propose to describe the plot, because to do that would take a long time and ruin the evening's entertainment for those who have yet to see the play; but all who read this can take it from me that *The Ringer* is funny and exciting and enthralling. It is also uncommonly well acted.

MILES MALLESON was a busy man last week. He produced his own play, *Conflict,* at the Queen's Theatre, and was himself rehearsed in *Riverside Nights,* which was done at the Lyric, Hammersmith. And then people write to the newspapers and lament over the slackness of modern youth!

Mr. Malleson's play not only seems clever because most of the pieces which were produced before it were pure, unblemished piffle; it *is* clever. The cleverest thing about it, perhaps, is the fact that he has taken an ordinary Cinderella love story and persuaded quite a lot of people to believe that it is a brainy political play. Come off it, Miles! What have we here but the old, old story of the high-born miss who stooped to love a lowly lad? That's your modernity for you! Scratch an advanced dramatist and you get Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Mr. Malleson, of course, understands the craft of drama. He is an actor, and a very good actor, too; and he is the author of many plays. The skill with which he contrives his first act is so great that he left even me temporarily devoid of my critical faculty and unable to ask why on earth Tom Smith was prowling about the grounds of Lord Bellingdon's house at four in the morning in search of Sir Ronald Clive, who lived somewhere else.

Mr. Malleson handles his story with skill, except in the passages where politics are talked, and there he lets himself down.

MR. T. C. MURRAY'S play, *Autumn Fire,* has moved from the Abbey in Dublin, via the Q. at Kew, to the West End, where, I trust, it will stay pat for some time, for it is a moving piece of work.

Mr. Murray has a fine sense of craftsmanship. He tells his story in a direct, dramatic way, and does not allow himself to be diverted from his theme by irrelevancies, though, perhaps, the intrusion of Miss Molly Hurling into the second act might be called an irrelevant diversion. Nor does he let himself fall into anti-climaxes. His conclusions *are* conclusions, not ends tacked on because the curtain must come down some time. His technique is better than that of Sean O'Casey, but he has not got Mr. O'Casey's rich superfluity of experience and observation, nor his power to overwhelm the spectator with sudden revelations of unsuspected humanity. Mr. O'Casey resembles an intoxicated Elizabethan who has been to Russia. If Marlowe had had a sense of humor and could have controlled his taste for carnage and wholesale calamity, he would have been a man like Mr. O'Casey. If Chekhov could have cursed, and yet loved, his reckless fellows, he would have been a man like Mr. O'Casey. If Mr. O'Casey could control his habit of imagining that when he makes people repeat themselves, he is displaying their character, he would be a man uncommonly like Chekhov and Marlowe made into one man.

Mr. Murray has not got that rich overflow. He is, spiritually as well as actually, a sensitive schoolmaster living in a Dublin suburb and remembering a village in Cork. Each new play that he writes seems to be a little farther removed from the source of his inspiration. His memories are getting dimmer. Mr. O'Casey lives in the red-hot heart of his scene, and the faults of his work are mainly due to the fact that he is dancing about under a shower of burning cinders. *Juno and the Paycock* is not the greatest play of our generation by a long chalk, but it is the work of a man who may produce a great play.

THE chief element in *Cochran's Revue* is dancing: some of it extraordinarily fine, some of it merely gymnastic and acrobatic, but all of it uncommonly well done. I thought that Cortez and Peggy moved with singular grace, and the dancing of Massine and Nemtchinova was beautiful. There was more humor in this revue than is commonly to be found in Mr. Cochran's productions.

I am bewildered when I see a man of so much taste as Mr. Cochran has permitting girls to appear on the stage with naked legs. At this point someone will hoot with derision, "Ha! This Belfast Presbyterian is ashamed to look upon bareness. His Ulster austerity forbids him to find anything beautiful in the nude." My Ulster austerity forbids me to do nothing of the sort. I object to the exhibition made by the chorus girls in this particular scene, solely and strictly on the ground that it is ugly. The human knee is not a pretty sight. I applaud and encourage the use of silk stockings because they cover and conceal the ugly cavities and bony protuberances of the kneecap. The feminine knee is uglier than the male knee, and the majority of women have unsightly legs. Either they are knock-kneed or bow-legged. Skirts were very properly invented for the concealment of these atrocious limbs. Yet Mr. Cochran, as tasteful a man as there is in the theatre, actually causes the chorus girls in this piece to wear clothes which reveal the whole of their legs to a revolted audience; ugly knees and uglier thighs. That is the burden of my complaint against Mr. Nigel Playfair, who rebuked me the other day for my remarks here a Sunday or two ago on his morbid love of ugliness. The managers, of course, protest that they send chorus girls on to the stage with bare legs entirely in the interests of High Art, and some very silly gentlemen on Watch Committees profess to be morally outraged by the sight of them; but, in fact, most of this bareness is due to financial reasons: the manager hopes to save a bit on the costs of production by allowing the girls to exhibit their skins instead of silk stockings. It is time that someone told them that the economy is a false one, since ugliness finally sends people away from those who purvey it.

More than once I have written here, in criticizing Mr. Cochran's productions, that the modern, spectacular entertainment fails in the long run because it persuades actors and actresses to trust, not to their own abilities, but to the gorgeous scenic effects and dresses provided by the management. The old music-hall artists, now returning to popularity, relied entirely on their own personalities. A comedian like Dan Leno or a comédienne like Marie Lloyd could come in front of a vilely painted cloth and hold a huge audience entranced for half an hour. That is a feat which, in my judgment, is beyond the ladies and gentlemen who flourish so unwarrantably in spectacular pieces. I hereby prophesy that the day of these pieces is ending. Spectacle is being found out.

Photo by Nickolas Muray

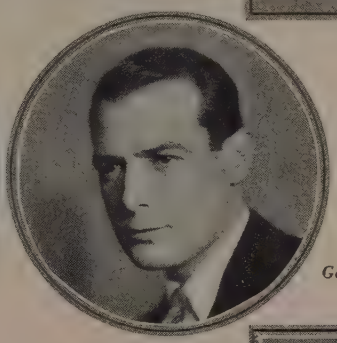
MR. AND MRS ALFRED LUNT
(LYNN FONTANNE)
Man and wife, these popular players are identified with the best the Guild has done

Genthe

CLARE EAMES
Distinction and finesse in leading rôles. Lately seen as Lavinia in *Androcles* and as The Lady in *The Man of Destiny*

HELEN WESTLEY
Picturesquely profane. Revels in eccentric character rôles. Seen in *The Glass Slipper, Liliom,* etc., etc.

Muray



Goldberg

MARGALO GILMORE
Sparklingly decorative — mentally impressive — remembered for her Consuelo in *He Who Gets Slapped*

EARLE LARRIMORE
New-born of the Guild Family, coming directly from *The Love City.* Will play juvenile leads

© Nickolas Muray

EDWARD ROBINSON
Versatile and popular. Gave a splendid impersonation of Cæsar in *Androcles and the Lion.* Seen more recently in *Goat Song* and *The Chief Thing*

© Nickolas Muray

HENRY TRAVERS
Artist in drollery. Delighted audiences with his comic Britisher Britannus in *Cæsar and Cleopatra* and the hen-pecked husband in *Androcles*

Goldberg

DUDLEY DIGGES
One of the strong pillars of the Guild forces. Player and stage director. His Sparrow in *Liliom* and Mr. Zero in *The Adding Machine* are remembered as stage classics

MEET THE GUILD FAMILY!

Next season, for the first time since its organization, the Theatre Guild will have a permanent company of its own instead of being compelled, as heretofore, to engage outside actors for each production

Putting the Actor Across

How "Live-wire" Press-agents Work Wonders Manufacturing Stage Reputations

By THODA COCROFT

"I PUT her across!"

In the speaker's inflection there was indication that every word in the simple, declarative sentence was underlined, the personal pronoun emphasized to the point of super-italics.

"She was a flop," he continued—"a dead one, and *I* put her over! It came like a brainstorm—all at once. I told her to get a Russian name. . . . Russian—can you beat it? And she's no more Russian than Mary Pickford. It's tricks like that what count in this business. And do they work? Like a riot! Publicity—great guns!"

Publicity! The panacea for all ailments in the show business. And like the advertised cure-all which is indiscriminately recommended for lungs, liver and lumbago, equally effective.

The egotistical press-agent who coolly announced that he had "put across" an actress by changing her name from English to Russian—the actress in the case being no less a person than a well-known Broadway star who has also won success in the movies—was crediting himself with undeserved glory. That the publicity accruing from assuming a name suitable to her exotic personality was of temporary advantage to the actress is unquestioned, yet the star in question would never be drawing a weekly four-figure salary in her vaudeville tours to-day if she had nothing more than her Russian name to recommend her to the public.

But as a remedial factor in the theatre, publicity can only be counted on as fleeting stimulant. If the patient, after temporary resuscitation from his press-agent, shows no signs of recovery—no indication that he is able to stand on his own feet, the most crafty dosage of publicizing will no more restore the invalid to public favor than a quack medicine will check the course of a fatal disease. Briefly, the player who is press-agented can never rely on publicity alone to attract the public. If he has no particular talent to recommend him to his audiences, the most valiant efforts of his publicizer will avail him nothing.

THE idea that publicity can make a colorless extra girl into a popular Broadway star is unquestionably a sweet delusion. Yet it is amazing how many people, especially in the theatrical profession, persist in this notion. Last year a little understudy in a Broadway play came up to my office one day to beg for publicity. I pointed out the fact that her part was so small she could be given little more than a mention.

"I will pay you for it!" she exclaimed.

"But I am paid by the producer," I told her, "and leading players come first. When you have a speaking part, it will be possible to give you a little publicity, not before."

Her eyes deep with misery, the youngster fidgeted near my desk. "But how can I ever get a big part," she quavered, "unless they read about me first in the newspapers?"

I was interrupted by the telephone and did not reply at once. Then, as I hung up the receiver, the little girl suddenly burst into tears. It was a few minutes before her sobs had quieted. Finally she told me her story. Dorothy (let us call her) had come to New York from Detroit, where she had achieved a certain local prominence in amateur theatricals and in a semi-professional art theatre there. Upon arriving in New York, someone had told her that the only way to get on Broadway was via a press-agent. So she had gone at once to a publicity office, paid the agent $500 (practically her entire savings for her New York venture) and in return been rewarded with the merest mention of her name in the papers among a group of others engaged to appear in the play in which she was now the understudy.

As a matter of fact, beyond the news item of her engagement, there was nothing more to say about Dorothy. The New York dramatic editors were not interested in her amateur career at home nor her ambitions in the metropolis. I advised her to go back and play her rôle so well in understudy rehearsal that the producer would be impressed and engage her for a speaking part in the first road company. She would then have something to build upon for publicity purposes.

The notion that publicity can make a colorless extra girl into a popular Broadway star is one of the most persistent delusions of the theatrical business. A little understudy in a current success came to my office the other day to beg for publicity. I pointed out the fact that her part was so small she could not be given more than a mention.

"I will pay you for it," she exclaimed.

"But I am paid by the producer," I told her. "Leading people come first. When you have a speaking part it will be possible to give you a little publicity, not before."

Her eyes deep with misery, the youngster fidgeted near my desk:

"But how can I ever get a big part," she quavered, "unless they read about me first in the newspapers?"

That the would-be star who lacks histrionic talent, charm and beauty cannot be made by a press-agent was illustrated a few seasons ago when a little circus lassie in Montana, Patsy Salmon by name, leaped on to the front page of the metropolitan dailies, due to the fact that the sporting writers covering a fight in the town where Pat happened to be playing were bored with life and found the youngster's hall-show turn more distracting than anything else since their arrival. In consequence of her sudden publicity, the producer of a famous musical revue engaged Patsy by wire to come immediately to New York and appear in his production. But this little girl could not be made by press-agenting any more than could Dorothy (had her five hundred dollars brought her a greater return). She was not Broadway material. Her little yodel was sweet enough, but revue stuff simply wasn't in her. And when her contract expired she was promptly let out; nor was she re-engaged by any other producer. The following season she went back to the circus and from latest reports she is happier currying her horse, sleeping in the cook tent and living her old life with her old friends than she ever was in the calcium lights of the Rialto.

ANOTHER widely press-agented young woman was a vaudeville artist who, some years ago, was mixed up with a notorious trial. Her first appearance in vaudeville was successful because of the curiosity seekers. But since that time she has had to turn to occupations other than the stage for a livelihood. Publicity never made her an actress.

A popular form of story which delights the theatrical agent is that of the wealthy society favorite giving up her tea-party, ballroom career for the footlights. Since the public, like a wistful Cinderella listening to the stories of her stepsisters' triumphs, is perennially pleased with opulence, even though it is out of reach, the story of the millionaire's daughter is always good for a big news break and a countless array of pictures with intimate details of what the rich-and-remote lady eats for breakfast, the name of her pet dog, the color of her eyes, her hair, how she preserves her complexion and what she does for her figure. But if the elegant young woman turns out to be a bad actress, neither volumes of publicity nor dozens of press-agents can force the public to applaud her.

A rather effective example of this is the publicity that is constantly showered upon the wife of a certain millionaire. She has a voice—though not of grand-opera dimensions; yet it is the Metropolitan to which

(*Continued on page* 52)

Diana learns that she is in love with Count Scipione, who is unconventional after an attempt at suicide because of his fiancée's betrothal to two men at the same time

Photo by Paramount Studio

(Below)

Count Scipione (*Tom Powers*) unexpectedly arrives from Italy, upsetting his fiancée's (*Madge Kennedy*) romantic plans. From left to right: Anna Moore Wynne (*Alice John*), Sidney Rose Wynne (*Frieda Inescort*), Count Scipione Varelli (*Tom Powers*), Diana Wynne (*Madge Kennedy*), Gregory Farnham (*Sidney Blackmer*)

"LOVE IN A MIST," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE

Popular players in rapid comedy by Amelie-Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy) and Gilbert Emery

Has This Been Explained to You?

The Greenhorn Is Answered by the People Who Ought to Know

(Fifth Series)

WHY DO PLAYS FAIL?

ANSWERED BY MOSES L. MALEVINSKY,
Author of "The Science of Play-writing."

IN the Columbia Series Dramatic Museum, published in 1916, the famous French author, Edouard Pailleron, is quoted as follows:

"You ask me how a play is made. . . . I may well astonish you, perhaps, but on my soul and honor, before God and man, I assure you that I know nothing about it, that you know nothing, that nobody knows anything and that the author of a play knows less about it than anyone else."

William Gillette, one of our most famous artists, wrote the introduction to this volume, and coincided with the statement made by M. Pailleron and reiterated by others. Naturally, if the playwright does not know what he is doing, does not understand his own craftsmanship—employing his talents merely instinctively—it is safe to assume that he will often go astray—the result a vagrant and abortive play. Examples of this are seen in every theatrical season, with productions by well-known dramatists hitting the rocks as flat failures.

Play-writing is a science as well as an art. A play must have organic structure. In many of the plays that are presented upon the stage, the audience is never able to know or understand what the play is about—to catch its theme or motivation—because the playwright lacks understanding of organic structure and the play fails to click. If the playwright does not know how to construct or characterize, his play will lack clear thinking and expression and must be confusing. Most playwrights construct instinctively and subconsciously. This is a poor weather-vane. It is the chief cause of failures.

Many plays fail because of poor casting. I can think of at least three outstanding examples of this in the present season. The artists selected must be capable of interpreting the play and delineating the characters. But if the playwright himself does not understand his play, it may safely be assumed that the artists will likewise fail to understand.

Many plays fail because sufficient attention is not paid by the manager and director to production and exploitation. A director can help a bad play immensely or immensely injure a good one. And many plays are lost to the stage because a manager lacks the vision or courage to properly exploit them.

White Cargo is a case in point. Originally produced in a little theatre off Broadway, it seemed destined for the storehouse until Mr. Earl Carroll, with his genius for exploitation, took charge of it and gradually built it into one of the season's enduring successes.

Plays fail just as everything else in the world fails, through inefficiency, lack of concentration and comprehension, absence of a propelling, understanding, directing force.

WHY IS BROADWAY'S APPROVAL THE MEASURE OF A PLAY'S SUCCESS?

ANSWERED BY RACHEL CROTHERS,
Author of "A Lady's Virtue."

BROADWAY'S approval is the measure of a play's success because Broadway is the theatre's highway which *all* feet tread in search of amusement. The rich, the poor—the intellectual and the ignorant—highbrow, lowbrow, artist and layman, old and young, the fastidious and the gross, all must go to Broadway for their theatre. Out of this conglomeration of minds and tastes a judgment sifts which is fair because it *is* the decision of a heterogeneous mass of people.

From the most vulgar and banal to the most intellectual output of the season we may be sure that the successes are at least the best of their kind which are being displayed at the moment. They are the successes because the especial appeal which they meant to make has been strong enough of its kind to reach the greatest number of people.

The Great God Brown and *Young Woodley* can only attract those who have the capacity to receive them, but out of the motley taste which makes audiences there is enough fine discrimination to make these two fine plays successful.

There is always enough vicious appetite in the public to make a box-office success of the most base thing the theatre has to offer. The lower and more disgraceful the thing is the more certain we may be that the makers and producers are deliberately appealing to that same vulgarity in the public and appealing to it for only one thing—money.

The finer the thing which is produced in the theatre the more sure we can be that it was both written and produced for the sake of its fineness—because someone loved it enough to risk dollars and cents and was willing to lose them.

But whatever Broadway raises its curtains on—the vile or the beautiful—we can be sure the successes are the best of their kind and that the material, whether vicious or good, is the most entertaining of its kind from a theatrical point of view.

Why shouldn't Broadway's judgment be the measure of success? After all, what other measure can there be for us? It is the market place where the worthy and the unworthy are bought and sold. The buyer and the seller are equally responsible for the fact that there is always a great deal more of shoddy ware for sale than good.

But that's true of everything in the world. Why do we keep on hurling invective at the theatre and groaning at its bad art and low state of morals?

We must reform the world and life itself before we can expect to see any change in the theatre, for the theatre *is* life and reflects the complexion of the hour more surely than anything else.

WHY HAS THE STAGE-DOOR JOHNNY VANISHED?

ANSWERED BY LLORA HOFFMAN,
Prima Donna of "Artists and Models."

THE disappearance of the stage-door Johnny has been the result of several natural social developments. The first step in his elimination, however, he brought about himself. The conduct and numbers of his kind made some drastic action necessary and the managers clamped more rigid regulations on the stage door. As a result the benevolent old stage doormen of twelve or fifteen years ago changed from quiescent lackeys to pugnacious ogres. After that it wasn't so easy to send flowers to "the third from the left, second row," and make a date for dinner.

Next came the demand for greater beauty and talent and the recognition of the chorus as a stepping-stone to better things. The type of chorus girl began to improve. This did not decrease the Johnnies' ranks any, but it weeded out a lot of undesirable characters.

Following on the heels of this came the "equal-rights" and "freedom-for-woman" movements and that much-decried Prohibition. These were the social developments that put a final end to the stage-door Johnny. Spirituous stimulation has always been one cause of unconventional conduct. As soon as easy access to the stimulation was removed there was less occasion for the conduct. At the same time women began to throw off their age-old restraints and the modern flapper sprang "full-limbed" into existence.

In the flapper the stage-door Johnny soon found a prototype of the attractively negligée and unconventional lady of the pink tights and lobster appetite. She smoked; she wasn't afraid to say "damn," take a drink, paint her lips, stay out after midnight, and, in fact, do all the very radical things the chorus girl had done. So the Johnnys drifted away from the stage doors and frequented the night clubs with their hectic flapper friends.

There are still a few of them left, but they usually have serious intentions. I mean, when it comes to picking a wife and settling down, they seem to prefer a nice, quiet little chorus girl.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The first answers in this series "Why Are Box Office Attendants Cranky?"; "Why Are Stage Villains Matinée Idols?"; "Why Are There More Women Than Men on the Stage?"; "Why is the Bald-Headed Row Bald-Headed?"; "Why Are Plays Always Rewritten?"; "Why Are Crook Plays Popular?"; "Why Do Actors Avoid Looking at the Audience?"; "Why Do Managers Seek 'Type' Actors?"; "Why Do People Buy Tickets From Speculators?"; "Why Are There So Few Black-Face Comedians?"; "Why Are Actors Conceited?"; "Why Are the Names of Plays Changed?" appeared in THEATRE MAGAZINE for September, November, December, 1925, and March, 1926.

White

Two teams that make a foursome! Mr. and Mrs. Fiske O'Hara in a domestic play of golf, and Eddie Dowling, seemingly about to drive his caddy-wife, Ray Dooley, off the links adjoining his home on Long Island

Underwood and Underwood

At home, annually, in Chattanooga, Tenn., with the Chicago Opera Company. Mary Garden's four-room suite in the new $2,500,000 Read House is going to be decorated with the draperies the diva is now choosing. General J. Leslie Kincaid, of World War fame, president of the American Hotels Corporation, New York City (operators of the new hotel), is holding the plan layout of Miss Garden's suite

Keen eyes! Productive, too—for they have brought to the front George Cukor as stage director of *Antonia. The Great Gatsby* and *The Duchess of Elba*

Photo Mortimer Offner

Jessie Tarbox Beals

Leo Carillo—not Egyptian—nevertheless "Deus" in his home, is appearing in a one-act sketch of *Lombardi, Ltd.*, in vaudeville. Cross words don't have to cross moods, do they, fans?

Tea for Two—Ada May, star of *Captain Jinks* and *Trotter*, at her home in Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia. Lucky dog!

THE PASSING SHOW

Notables of theatre and opera in many off-stage moods

Mirrors of Stageland

Intimate Glimpses Into the Character and Personality of Broadway's Famous Figures

By THE LADY WITH THE LORGNETTE

ROLAND YOUNG

"THE darling, nonchalant devil!" A woman with a house on Fifth Avenue, a place on Long Island and another at Tuxedo summarized Roland Young. She summarized him with a pout, a smile and a sigh.

The young man who drawls his way through *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney* is a bad architect who has been converted into a good actor. A Londoner. And married to Clare Kummer's daughter. That's something he accomplished while playing in Miss Kummer's self-believed-in and self-produced *Rollo's Wild Oat.*

Funny, silent fellow, with a boy's weight and proportions, a languid, indifferent manner and a gorgeous sense of humor.

I have never seen him smile, but I have seen him deliver some neat, self-written lines. He and Peggy Wood conceived the idea of one day inviting interviewers to be interviewed and asking them the questions from which they had suffered. The interviewers appeared and waited for the fun to begin. Peggy Wood asked one of them the reason why the *morale* of the newspapers is so low. The interviewer replied that it is because so many actors have gone into journalism. Then Roland Young asked a portly person what she felt her mission is and what message she had for the public. She is still wondering.

His humor is the dry kind. Know what that means? It means he discharges it without a smile. I used to wonder what dry humor is. That's it. I suppose the wet kind is accompanied by a smile. The smile prepares you for what is coming. The smileless possessor of "dry humor" doesn't. Roland Young is one of the coward comedians. I'll wager he never smiled even while he was trying to make Clare Kummer his mother-in-law.

He refuses to take life, the world or himself with becoming seriousness. For instance, he was asked to write a brief autobiography. He sent one written in the third person, so that he need not withhold praise where praise was due him. He began with "Roland Young was born in London and his earliest impressions were of suet dumplings and the smell of Russian-leather hymn-books.

"At the age of three, having mastered the Sanskrit dialects, he left, accompanied by his parents, for Parts Unknown. He rapidly became a favorite with the natives of this prosperous republic and at the age of seven was elected high commissioner.

"Having put the republic on a paying basis," continued the veracious chronicle, "he turned his attention to the struggling democracy of Fish Island, in icy Antarctic waters. There he spent the best years of his life organizing the penguins for theatrical purposes."

I prescribe liberal doses of Roland Young for all who regard themselves with overseriousness.

ESTELLE WINWOOD

ESTELLE WINWOOD has charm in the hundredth degree and an exasperating uncertainty as to what will be her next mood.

In the twentieth century, while women are trying to prove themselves worthy dwellers in the domain of the purely intellectual, she throws back to the era of mood. With Estelle mood is king or queen.

She fascinates me half the time. The rest my palms ache for sharp concussion with her ears.

She can act any part she likes or the director engages her for, but she is a merciless "guyer." She flings gags and *"ad libs"* with the nonchalance of a low comedian in a burlesque.

She moved me to near tears as the street nymph turned social lecturer in *Spring Cleaning,* but affronted me by her "guying" of two fellow players in a French farce. She had left Broadway and was playing the circuit, an excuse which should not have been offered. Though I have heard from his fellow players that Douglas Fairbanks in *The Show Shop* excused his pranks by saying "Why not have some fun? The critics have all seen the show." Naughty, smiling "Doug." Exasperating, irresistible Estelle!

I was not surprised to hear this prankish, large-eyed witch say, "I never have carried out a plan, so I have stopped making any."

Says Miss Winwood, the experimentalist in life and art: "I am thoroughly adventuresome. I always want to try what everyone says I cannot do. And I do it. The impossible is being achieved every day by those who try."

Says Miss Winwood, student of life: "I never regret an experience, however distasteful. It has been my schoolmaster." Yet she caused the close of the French farce, *A Weak Woman,* by refusing to play it in a manner that was distasteful to her. Inconsistent Estelle.

Says Miss Winwood, actress and artist: "What I most admire in art is subtlety." She thought the scene she refused to play in *A Weak Woman,* as it was played in Paris, was not subtle. Consistent Estelle.

A small, perfumed parcel of gifts and exasperations.

ROLLO PETERS

ROLLO PETERS receives in his dressing-room in sky-blue silk-satin trousers and a Chinese coat, but when *Stolen Fruit* closed in Detroit the last week in February he took train at once for a weather-beaten little farmhouse deep in the woods behind West Point.

The blue-satin Chinese coat and the little house in the woods represent his antipodean qualities. He is an artist and an exquisite. Too he is a sturdy man of the woods cutting down a dead tree to build the fire on which he cooks his own breakfast. His character range is wide.

He was born in Paris. He was educated in the city astride the Seine. He says "Paris gives you something that no other city does." But by his first earned increment he purchased the deep-woods place where he can play hermit and which he calls Brook House.

Midway between these two is Rollo Peters, the determined toiler.

"I have lived in New York on sixty dollars a month," he said. "It can be done." He had a studio on the top floor of the Holbein Studio. Racy odors from the stable beneath intruded through his skylight.

He painted posters and he wrote verse and he made both ends meet. To his father, the famous nocturnal painter in San Francisco, he never wrote for loans. For Rollo Peters *fils* intended to go upon the stage and Rollo Peters *père* did not like actors. He doesn't like them now, with one exception.

The Junior Peters drifted into association with one of the Greenwich Village cults. He designed the investiture of some of its plays. He planned the scenic features and executed some of them of the Benevente play, *Bonds of Interest,* which we saw at the Garrick Theatre. Because no other leading man was available at the moment, he was engaged. But his mind and his greater interest converged upon the scenery.

Seasons as leading man for Jane Cowl were, if not a liberal education, at least a most pleasurable association.

"You always felt when the curtain rang up that Jane was going to enjoy that performance as a small girl would a romp," he said. "I know no one who loves the theatre so well."

He wants to play and direct Shakespeare "if it can be made profitable." He wants no more of little-theatre movements, because "I don't like the kind of people who engage in them."

He likes best of all doing Petruchio in that special matinée production of *Taming of the Shrew.*

He is urbane and has the power of friend-making. Yet, drawing deeply upon the resources within, he bestows himself in the woody depths for long seasons. He meets his kind on a friendly basis, but "his real living is done within himself," said the New Yorker who knows him best.

Poise is his outstanding characteristic.

JOHN BARRYMORE: A NEW DON JUAN

Far from discouraged by the many recent versions of the world's most famous lover, Mr. Barrymore is creating a new screen characterization based on Lord Byron's poem. The picture, which will not be released until September, is said to be a sensational filming of Byron's hero

By L'Homme Qui Sait

FORTUNATELY for the foreign scribes who write plays for handsome American royalties, there is no literary immigration quota. The literary stranger at our gate will be well represented in our theatre this Fall. FROHMAN has *La Rispostie*—another manager has the BOURDET *opus, The Prisoner,* which deals graphically, to say the least, with the type of young woman who shows evidences in her manner and dress that she would rather be her brother. Bourdet is the Gaul who wrote *The Rubicon,* so come early and leave the children home. The highbrow gentlemen who preside over the destinies of the Theatre Guild have purchased *Maximilian and Juarez* from the hysterical singer of *Goat Song,* FRANZ WERFEL. Great Britain, grateful perhaps for the SHUBERT invasion of England, sends us a play, *Loose Ends,* by DION TETHERIDGE. MAX LOHR gives HERMAN GANTVOORT a play, *The Call,* and our own DAVID, a little richer for glorifying the American negress, has purchased a play by DEAZERTIS to save his dramatic soul.

THE Neighborhood Playhouse, situated on the East Side of New York and patronized chiefly by its neighbors on Park Avenue and the Drive, has gone in for rescue work. It has decided to disinter the late *Lucky Sam McCarver* from its resting place at Kane's storehouse, from which bourne, it is said, no play returns, and give it new life this Fall. If MR. HERNDON'S *Lucky Sam McCarver* turns out a Neighborhood Playhouse hit, it is quite likely that the Neighborhood Playhouse will go in for resurrecting on a large scale.

JOHN GOLDEN is having himself done in three hundred and fifty-six pages and Morocco bound. This time BOSWELL is a lady. Would it be a bit premature for me to suggest the title of at least one chapter, "Clean Plays Pay." It is certain to get a reply from AL WOODS, *alias* SAM HOFFENSTEIN, creating a controversy and aiding the sale of the book. John Golden will need the money for his new golf course at Great Neck.

WELLS ROOT, the courageous Viking who decides upon the destinies of plays for RALPH PULITZER, has a bad case of North Pole blues. He's going North, but no dirigibles or aeroplanes for him, not even a pair of skis. Wells sails for Norway in August and with him goes a hundred-per-cent. American birch-bark canoe. Root will carry with him the flag of the First National Picture Corporation, this in gratitude to that corporation for making this expedition possible. Wells Root recently sold them a picture and received a check from that company so large that it has filled him with confidence, and now the pole is the limit.

THE Biggest Show on Earth, that is excepting lunch-hour at the Algonquin, moved its tents the other day, taking with them a substantial gratuity for the entertainment rendered the *blasé* children of New York.

SENORITA RAQUEL MELLER has deserted the RUBINS, the KAUFFMANS, the KAHNS and the KELLYS for the CABOTS, the LODGES and the LOWELLS. While the *literati* of MR. PULITZER'S paper are yet undecided as to whether Raquel Meller is or is not art, MR. GOETZ has a surer and more accurate test for artists and is absolutely certain that The Meller is a great artist. The connoisseur at the Empire box-office has certified that fact to him.

FAY BAINTER, who has been a wandering constellation for the last two years, has returned to the fold. WILLIAM HARRIS, JR., who has had her under contract ever since Fay Bainter's Ming Toy days, will star her in VINCENT LAWRENCE'S play, *Sour Grapes.*

EARL CARROLL has proved a deep disappointment to his friends, who had always looked upon him as a master *bon vivant.* Alas, now they find that Earl was merely bluffing. He does not smoke, nor can he testify as to the taste of liquor. He doesn't know a good rye from a whole-wheat bread. I am disillusioned. I find now that the annual artistic exposures of the feminine form, known as Carroll's *Vanities,* were not the carefully planned creative soul of an artist expressing himself but the result of pure accident—well, maybe not so pure—but accident.

GILDA GRAY shook herself out of her South Seas costume the other night and went "native" Park Avenue again. Gilda had invited a colorful group of New Yorkers to help her celebrate her success in the film, *Aloma of the South Seas.* I don't know whether it was the influence of Gilda's terpsichorean efforts or the Hawaiian music or GIL BOAG'S excellent hospitality, but it does seem to me that the hula-hula and Gil Boag make for a very successful night and morning.

THE dramatic critics, spurred on perhaps by the decisive victory of ARTHUR RICHMAN'S boys, have agreed at last. They have founded a Critics' Club, the purpose of which is mutual protection against vicious managers and actresses who are constantly conspiring to inflict bodily harm on the gentlemen with the choice aisle seats. The club is located in an office-building on Forty-second Street and Broadway, the rooms are done in early ALEC WOOLLCOTT and late FRANK VREELAND. The equipment consists of a cellarette for ancient manuscripts, a card table, a chess game, one book by HEYWOOD BROUN and a typewriter once used by HORACE GREELEY. The pictures on the wall are those of distinguished managers. A full-sized portrait of BROCK PEMBERTON, a half-tone of DAVID WALLACE, a print of KILBOURN GORDON and an etching of EARL CARROLL.

AND it came to pass that AL JOLSON left the fields of Israel and went forth unto the estates of the Philistines, accompanied by his "landsman," HARRY RICHMAN, and they came upon the Westchester Biltmore Estates, and one of them, Al, son of Jolson, could enter, but the other could not, and thus came about a violent protest from the children of Israel. Al, son of Jolson, has resigned, followed by others of the tribe of Abraham. Who cares?

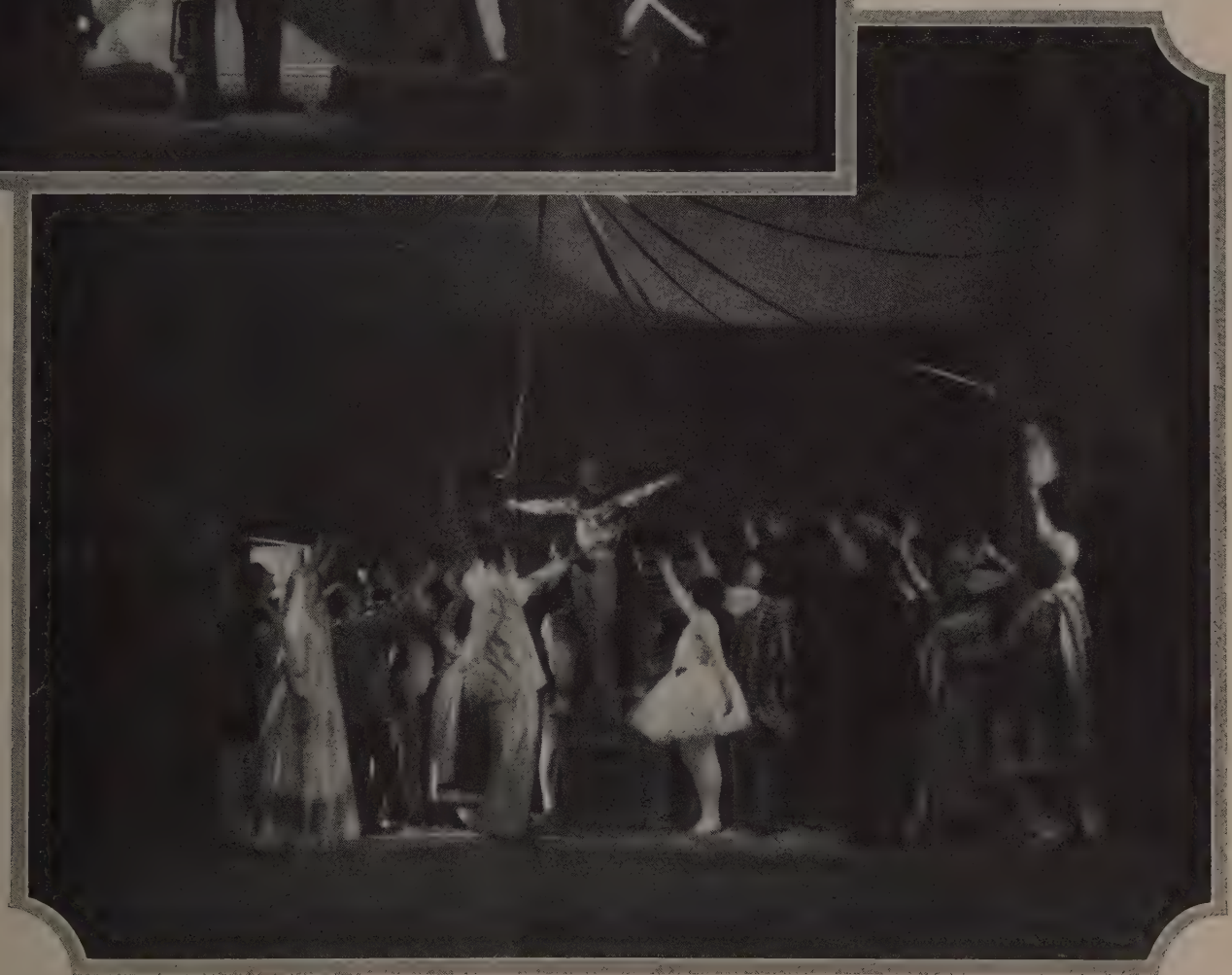
THE BARRYMORES are never left off anything. It is not surprising to me to hear it rumored about town that our Ethel may yet turn playwright and, if so, what better inducement can the charming Miss Barrymore have than to lend her wits, experience and her typewriter to the dramatization of Professor Erskine's splendid history, "Helen of Troy." Of course, no one can be Helen like Ethel, who, it is hoped, will also play the name part.

SPRING is here. The Hippodrome is closed, the portico of the Forty-eighth Street Theatre is being painted again, *Abie's Irish Rose* is getting ready to celebrate its first century on Broadway, the ticket agencies are charging higher prices for worse seats, SAM HARRIS is practicing his golf stroke, AL JOLSON is still picking winners at the track, WILLIAM HARRIS is looking for a country place as usual, the stoop gang at the Lambs' are talking about the flops they are in, ROLLO PETERS, the MORGAN boys and others are making their annual pilgrimage to the stock countries, SAM SHIPMAN is still trying to convince LOUIS MANN that he is a great playwright, HEYWOOD BROUN is beginning his Spring series on Hale Lake fishing, S. J. KAUFMAN is bound for Europe as America's representative of the profound *literati,* LEE SHUBERT is in his office and everything is all right with JAKE.

ALI BEN WOODS has gone in for mysticism. He, in conjunction with the SELWYNS, has imported to this country a fakir—RAHMAN BEY. Al Woods says he doesn't know much about fakirs, but if Rahman Bey is a good fakir he'll bring money to the box-office, and if he is a bad one, he's a fake, and Al will be off fakirs forever. It will be a typical Al Woods production, only Rahman Bey will recline on a bed of nails instead of the usual perfumed and satin beds of the Woodsonian school.

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited by M. E. KEHOE



THE HARVARD DRAMATIC CLUB

At the close of this, its eighteenth season, it is the proud boast of the "H. D. C." that three of its latest productions, *The Makroupolus Secret*, *The Chief Thing* and *The Moon Is a Gong*, have reached that coveted goal of all plays and playwrights—New York! Founded in 1908 by a group of undergraduates, the original purpose of the Harvard Dramatic Club was to give plays by undergraduates and recent alumni. A lack of plays from that source, however, opened up a new field to the club, and a few years ago the policy of producing plays which had never before been presented in this country attracted immediate attention to the activities of this college group

Scenes from two Harvard Club productions that have found their way to New York. (*Upper*) The railroad wreck in John Dos Passos' *The Moon Is a Gong*, with a modernist back drop, designed by the author, symbolizing the chaos of a wreck. (*Lower*) Scene from *Mr. Paraclete*, otherwise known as *The Chief Thing*, by Evreinov. The set was designed by Murray Pease

Hart House Theatre

TORONTO'S UNIQUE EXPERIMENTAL THEATRE

The campus of the University of Toronto is the setting for that vast Gothic structure, Hart House (on the right), which is the home of Canada's most important Little Theatre. Founded by Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Massey of Toronto, Hart House Little Theatre is now under the direction of Mr. Walter Sinclair, who came to Canada direct from Hongkong, China, where he directed the Amateur Comedy Club

SEVEN prosperous seasons and a record of sixty-three productions, by June, 1926, mark a pretty sturdy effort in the sphere of amateur dramatics, for it represents not an aspiration but a fact in Hart House Theatre, a Canadian playhouse, founded by Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Massey of Toronto, whose director is now Mr. Walter Sinclair.

Mr. and Mrs. Massey had for many years made the study of the theatre their principal hobby and an opportunity came to put their ideas into concrete form when the great building on the grounds of the University of Toronto, known as Hart House, was built by the Massey Foundation under Mr. Massey's direction. Hart House itself is a vast Gothic structure in which the student finds all he needs outside the lecture-room—gymnasiums, swimming bath, library, dining-room, lounges, chapel, music rooms, billiard rooms, art gallery, rifle range, racquet courts. It seemed to supply almost every want of the undergraduate, and when a great space in the center of the building, beneath the beautiful quadrangle, was, by a happy inspiration of the founders and by the skill of the architects, Messrs. Sproatt and Rolph of Toronto, turned into a perfectly equipped theatre, there was nothing left to be added.

In the shop of Pulci, a drug seller—a scene from the tragedy, *Paolo and Francesca*—one of the most spectacular performances staged at Hart House, Toronto, Canada

HART HOUSE THEATRE, although part of a larger structure, is a separate unit in itself, operated by a small incorporated body called the Syndics of Hart House Theatre, the chairman of which is Mr. Vincent Massey and the other members Mrs. Massey, Dr. George H. Locke (the public librarian of Toronto) and Lieut.-Col. G. P. McFarland, a leading barrister, who acts as honorary treasurer. Although the theatre is on university grounds, its charter gives it wide freedom of action as an amateur repertory theatre, operated for the benefit not only of the university but of the general public, who provide most of its clientele.

The theatre is almost perfect in its equipment which is probably as complete as that of any theatre of its size. In electrical apparatus, apart from a light bridge over the stage and a projection box at the rear of the house and the usual footlights, sciopticons, floor pockets and border lights, both for fore stage and main stage, it has a switchboard with about eighty switches and dimmers with interlocking devices and master handles, making possible lighting effects to meet the requirements of the most exacting productions. All the scenery and properties are built and painted in the theatre, which is completely equipped for this work.

THE visitor to the theatre enters by a long ramp leading from its own outside entrance and finds himself in a charming foyer hung with the photographs and records of its first seven seasons. He will find from these that already several hundred actors and actresses have appeared in its productions and that about a score of this number have left Hart House Theatre to take up a career on the professional stage.

The theatre auditorium seats about four hundred and fifty, greater numbers having been rightly sacrificed to the comfort of those who can be accommodated. Like all buildings that have been skilfully adapted to special physical conditions, the architecture of the theatre has a peculiar beauty of its own. A series of great arches which support its roof and, incidentally, the quadrangle above, lend the auditorium a unique charm. An ample forestage with special flanking openings gives an unusual opportunity for plays of a decorative nature. The theatre has adopted the interesting practice of using a brilliant jade-green curtain for comedies, while for other productions a black velvet curtain with broad vermilion stripes is employed.

The theatre, from 1919 to 1921, was under the direction of Mr. Roy Mitchell, who had been technical director of the Greenwich Village Theatre, New York. The third, fourth, fifth and sixth seasons

were under the direction of Mr. Bertram Forsyth, who had had considerable experience as an actor with leading members of the London stage.

MR. WALTER SINCLAIR, who is now in charge of the theatre, was for some years before his appointment the director of the Amateur Dramatic Club of Hongkong. In a series of notable productions there he proved himself a producer of great versatility, both as a trainer of actors and as a designer of settings, and in his work at Hart House Theatre Mr. Sinclair has already enhanced the distinguished reputation which preceded him. Toronto is most fortunate in having secured the services of this brilliant and imaginative producer as director of its little playhouse. The accompanying photographs of one of Mr. Sinclair's recent productions, *Paolo and Francesca,* give some idea of his splendid pictorial scenes.

Although the director of Hart House Theatre is supported by a small professional staff, the players are all amateurs and they are chosen from the community at large, which is peculiarly fortunate in amateur dramatic talent.

THE theatre this year adopted the practice of inviting guest directors to take part in its season. Jacob Ben Ami, of New York, produced, last season, *Samson and Delilah,* by Sven Lange, taking the part of Samson himself, and Mr. Iden Payne, director of drama in the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, produced Galsworthy's *Silver Box* this Spring.

A NUMBER of the plays given at Hart House Little Theatre are by Canadian authors and most of them have been written under the inspiration of the theatre itself. One of its underlying objects, in fact, is to encourage the development of the Canadian drama. In this aspiration the founders are wise enough to realize that

Kirby Hawkes, who has played many of the juvenile rôles in recent Hart House productions, as "Calaf," in *Turandot,* a Chinese play presented early in the present season

playwrights are only developed by an active working relationship with a practical playhouse.

Another important side of the theatre's activities is the Summer school in the art of theatre, which has now been in operation for three seasons. This provides a course of instruction for practical workers in the amateur theatre. Other plans are maturing to widen the scope and usefulness of this little playhouse. It has already taken its place among the most important amateur theatres in North America and promises to become a center of theatrical experiment second to none on either side of the Atlantic.

The plays at Hart House Theatre each run for one week, occasionally longer, and a large list of subscribers provides the nucleus of the audience. The partial list of productions which follows shows the wide range covered in the theatre's work in the seven seasons in which it has functioned:

The Queen's Enemies, Dunsany; *The Alchemist,* Jonson; *The Chester Mysteries of the Nativity and Adoration,* Frank Conroy and Roy Mitchell; *You Never Can Tell,* Shaw; *The Romancers,* Rostand; *Cymbeline,* Shakespeare; *Candida,* Shaw; *Magic,* G. K. Chesterton; *Rosmersholm,* Ibsen; *The God of Gods,* Carroll Aikins; *Hippolytus,* Euripides; *Belinda,* Milne; *The Rivals,* Sheridan; *The Bonds of Interest,* Benavente; *The Romantic Young Lady,* Sierra; *Gold,* O'Neill; *The Sabine Women,* Andreyev; *Outward Bound,* Vane; *The Winter's Tale,* Shakespeare; *The Knight of the Burning Pestle,* Beaumont and Fletcher; *The Farce of Master Pierre Patelin,* traditional; *The Trojan Women,* Euripides (trans. by Gilbert and Murray); *The New Sin,* Basil Hastings; *Rasmus Montanus,* Holberg; *The Second Lie,* Isabel Ecclestone MacKay; *Pantaloon,* Sir James Barrie; *White Magic,* Algernon Blackwood and Bertram Forsyth; *Playbills,* a Georgian Revue arranged by Bertram Forsyth; *Brothers in Arms,* Merrill Dennison.

And the full program of the present, seventh season, takes in: *Samson and Delilah,* Lange; *I'll Leave It to You,* Noel Coward; *The Ship,* St. John Ervine; *Turandot,* first dramatized by Count Carlo Gozzi; *Outward Bound; The Chester Mysteries of the Nativity; The Rose and the Ring,* from Thackeray's Fantasy; *The Angel in the House,* Eden Phillpotts and Macdonald Hastings; *Autumn Blooming, And They Met Again* and *Man's World,* by Fred Jacob; *Paolo and Francesca,* Phillips; *The Silver Box,* Galsworthy; *Good Friday,* Masefield; *Advertising April,* Farjeon and Harsnell; *The Mask and the Face,* from the Italian, arranged by C. B. Fernald; *If Four Walls Told,* Edward Percy; *The Toy Cart,* from the Hindu, re-created by Arthur Symons, the season closing with *The Hart House Follies.*

Photos Ashley & Crippen, Toronto

The classic mood of Stephen Phillip's tragedy, *Paolo and Francesca,* is reflected in the stately architectural settings conceived by Walter Sinclair, director of Hart House, in collaboration with T. Tremain-G arstang, who was responsible for their construction

Fashions

As introduced by women of the Stage

These two outfits from B. Altman & Co.

Posed by Miss Marietta O'Brien, now appearing in "A Night in Paris"

What could be more fetching than this attractive bathing outfit of red-and-white striped flannel trunk, with blazer coat to match and white jersey top bound in red. The "aviator" cap is of bright red rubber

Photos by Irving Chidnoff

This attractive golf suit is a combination of white knitted sweater coat, bound with white crêpe de Chine and front pleated crêpe de Chine skirt. The sport hat is of soft white felt bound in red

The dresses are of Mallison's silk, especially designed for these actresses

Miss Vivian Martin in this youthful khaki kool two-piece sport dress

A very chic sport dress is this of double-bordered pussy willow crêpe, gracefully worn by Miss Mary Nash

This delightful frock of printed pussy willow, combined with a taffeta border, has a saucy bow at the waist and a hand-tucked organdy collar. Worn by Miss Ada May Weeks

The chic women are now carrying bags of Aubusson, Point de Rouen and Point Sarrasin, as the one shown and selected by Miss O'Brien from the collection imported by Jahiel & Co.

This very flattering transformation introduces the long bang, which is very youthful and decidedly smart —made of lustrous dark hair, worn by Madge Kennedy, now starring in *Love in a Mist*

These transformations from Manuel of Paris and New York

This lovely transformation of light blonde, naturally wavy hair, emphasizes the pensive mood of Miss Kennedy. It will be noted that the newest way of wearing the hair is more closely drawn about the ears and softer about the forehead

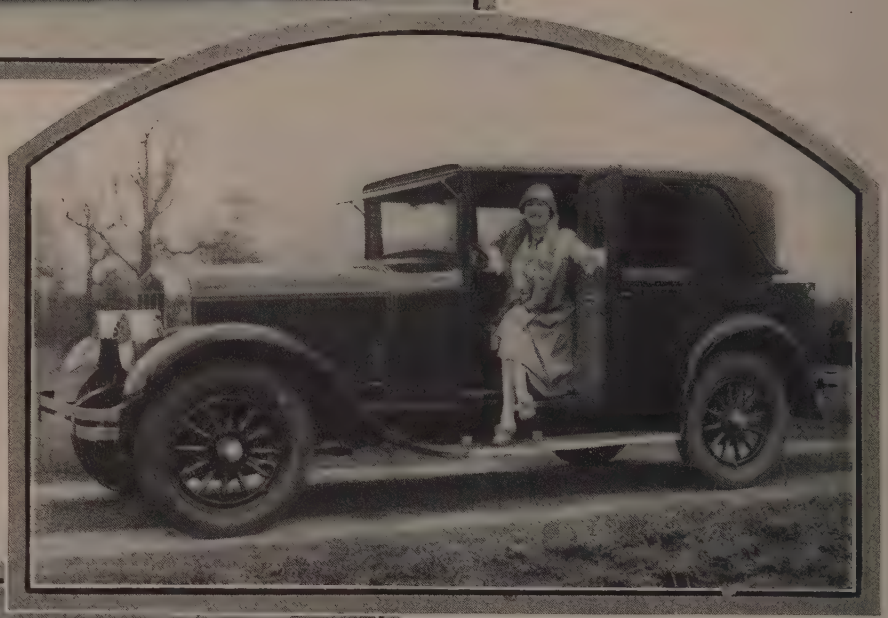
Smart women always have several chiffon frocks in their Summer wardrobe, as they are delightfully cool and appropriate for almost every occasion. These models from Marthe Pinchart of Paris

The mannish mode has scored its crowning success in this "dinner" or "smoking jacket." The jacket is of heavy brocaded gold cloth, worn over a gold-cloth waist and pleated gold-cloth skirt

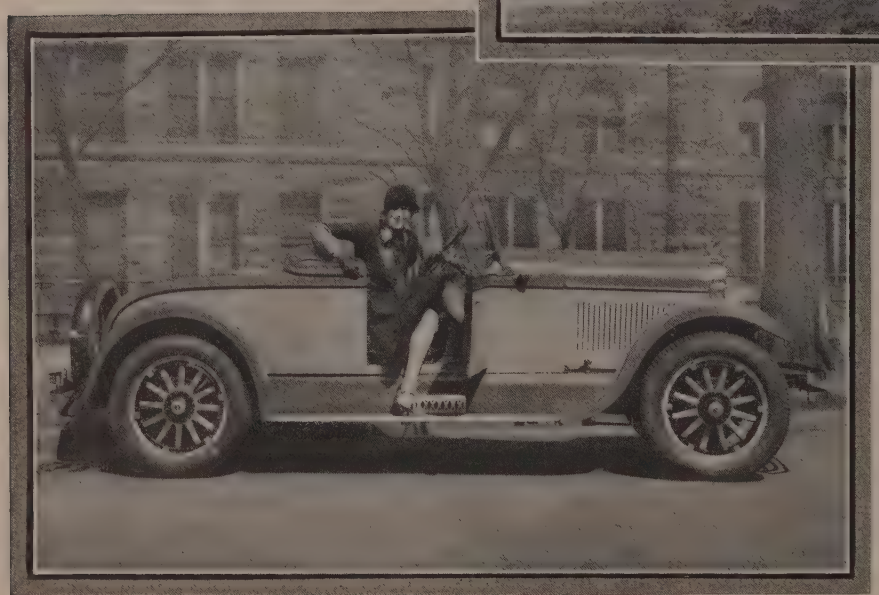
Paris sends these two creations

This webby tan lace dinner gown, over a shell-pink satin slip, has a very unusual neck line. The long, tight sleeve is a very new feature

It's *Sweetheart Time* all the time when one is affianced to an appealing and reliable Pontiac coach. Irene Dunne says that it makes starring more brilliant when one has such a submissive escort take one to the theatre every day



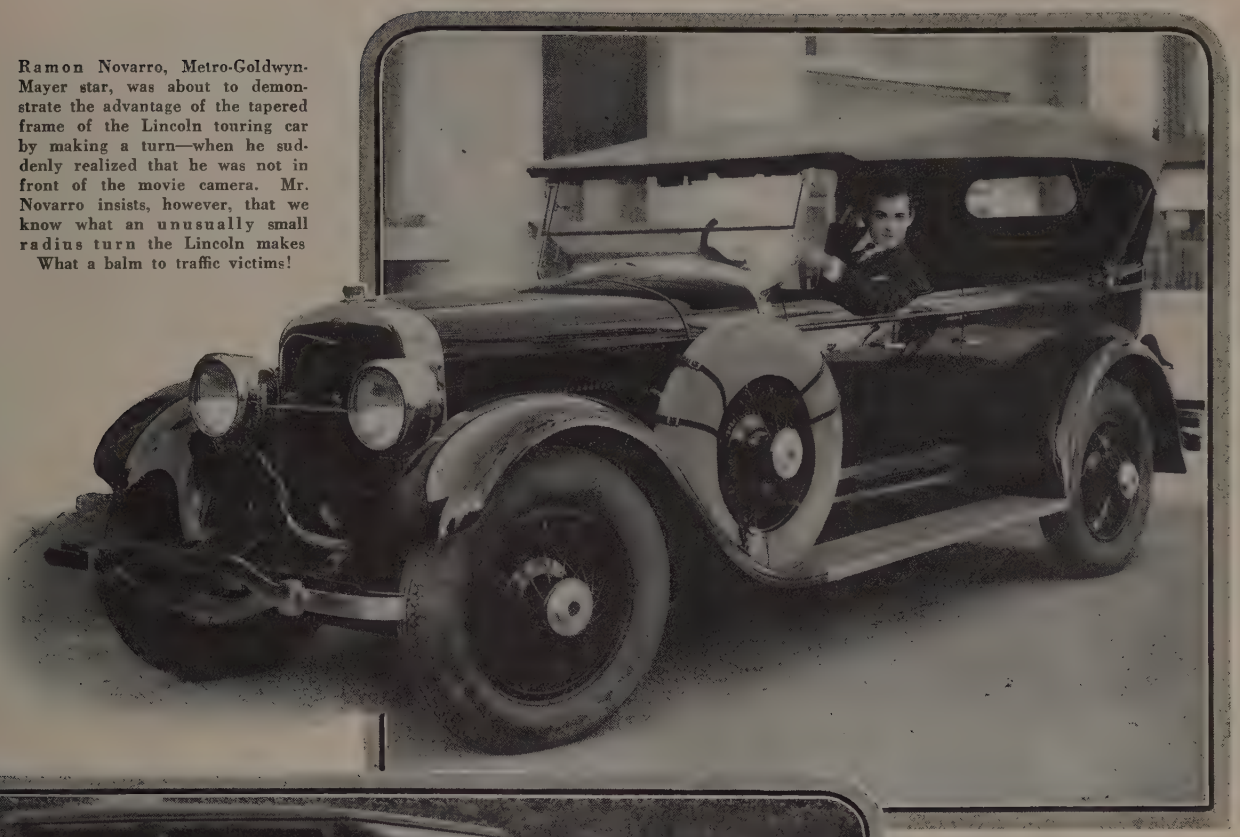
The seat of royalty, nestling within the new Franklin sport sedan, was selected by the *Countess Maritza,* who will appear here next season as Yvonne D'Arle, prima donna. "The rich hammered-silver interior mountings, the velvet carpet and kick-pads in rear compartment, together with the foot-cushions, help retain my illusion of Countess Maritza"



A pleasing sight—all of it, not so? Nellie McCarthy. at present appearing in one of Broadway's musical hits and the latest Oakland sport model, emphasized by the distinctive, enlarged radiator with nickel-plated shell of new design

STAGE OR SCREEN STAR—ALL ENJOY THEIR MOTOR CAR

No wonder they smile—simply being spared the soggy sensation of heels sinking into oozy, hot pavements!

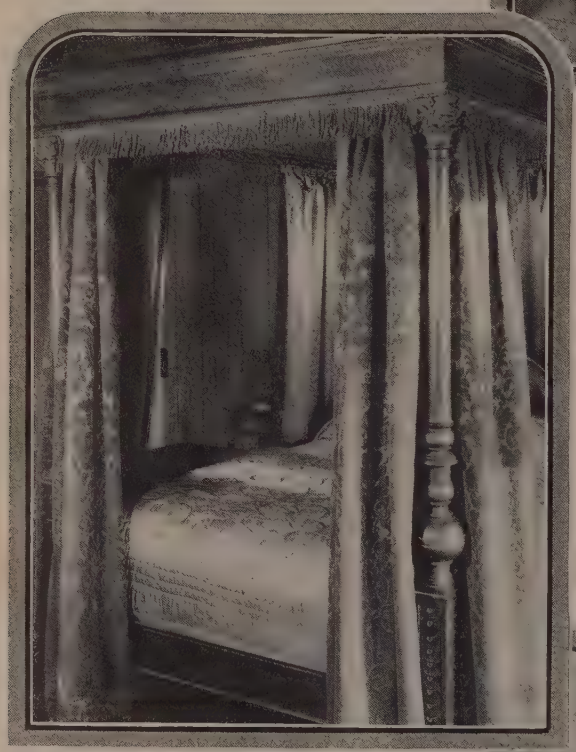


Ramon Novarro, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, was about to demonstrate the advantage of the tapered frame of the Lincoln touring car by making a turn—when he suddenly realized that he was not in front of the movie camera. Mr. Novarro insists, however, that we know what an unusually small radius turn the Lincoln makes What a balm to traffic victims!

"Next to being proud of the fact that I am Charlie Chaplin's new leading lady," said Merna Kennedy, "comes my feeling for my new Oldsmobile de luxe coach. It fits in perfectly with the conviviality of Los Angeles—its happy tone, its tirelessness, its attractiveness and its ability to 'act'"

From *Pomeroy's Past*, we know that Ernest Truex had a rather delightful time of it, but there can be no doubt of his joyous future with the possession of a Hudson seven-passenger super-six sedan—whose luxurious interior is framed in a distinctive, stylish and dignified exterior

The living-room in the actor's new Beverly Hills home—said to be one of the most handsomely furnished residences in the famous film colony. Here the star of *The Big Parade*, *La Bohême* and *Bardelys the Magnificent* relaxes into perfect ease, shutting out the glare and din of the studio

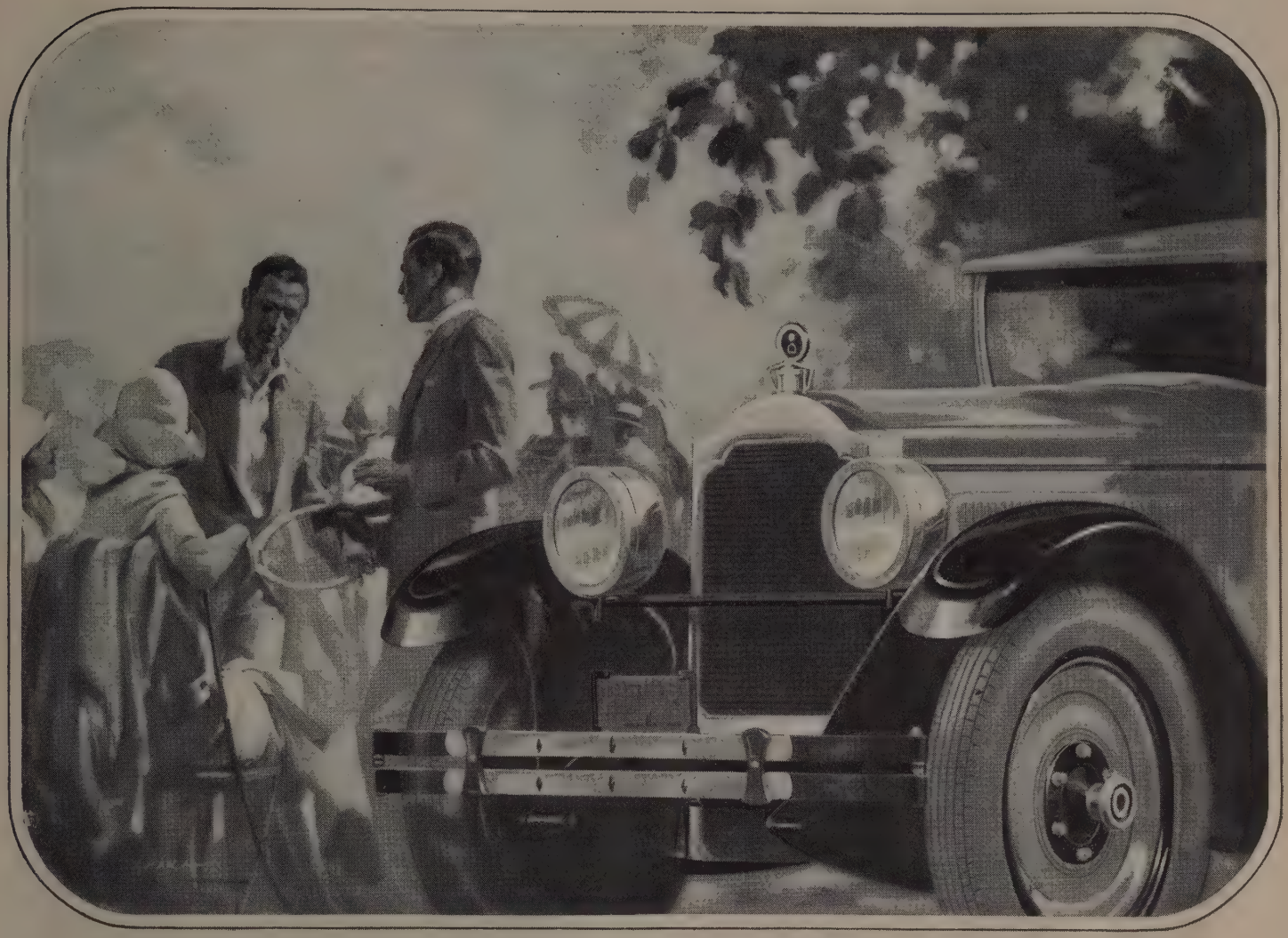


Harmony of tone and color must produce blissful sleep. Softness, comfort and good taste—what else does the *chambre-à-coucher* seek? All of these are embodied in the selection of brocaded velvet hangings and bed coverings

Everything in the *salle à manger* was personally appointed by Mr. Gilbert—carrying out his own plans for the exterior as well as the interior of his unusual home. It is regal in its simplicity

JOHN GILBERT AT HOME: WHERE THE "MAN OF THE HOUR" IN FILMDOM SPENDS HIS MOMENTS OF LEISURE

172666+



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PACKARD

A S K T H E M A N W H O O W N S O N E

One of the Family

(*Continued from page* 28)

AUNT: Here's Henry on his twenty-first birthday. See—the same trustful face. That's one thing you'll find about Henry, Mr. Burke. He still has the same innocent mind he had when a child. . . . He doesn't smoke. He has never tasted a drop of liquor. I have always called him our Sir Gallahad. People often take advantage of him, as you are evidently aware.

BURKE: I don't see why I should be aware of it, ma'am.

AUNT: He has always depended on me for advice—until his marriage. Joyce is of course a very sweet girl, but having been your secretary, she is naturally prejudiced in your favor, so when he accepted the position you offered him without consulting me, I am afraid he rather underestimated his ability in the matter of—er—remuneration.

BURKE: Do you mean that your nephew is dissatisfied with our financial arrangements? Because if he is, we can call it off——

AUNT: Well, you know the salary he has been getting, and surely——

BURKE: Are you acting at your nephew's request?

AUNT: Well—not exactly. And please don't tell Henry that I spoke to you about it. The dear boy thinks he is such a good business man. But he's really so visionary where business matters are concerned. . . . Oh, Mr. Burke, in the greatness of your position be generous enough not to take advantage of his modesty. Remember he is still that same little boy he used to be.

Henry is a little anxious some moments later to account for the changed demeanor of Mr. Burke, but the mention of cocktails dispels the latter's evident grouch.

BURKE: Cocktails? Ah! But didn't I understand Miss Adams to say that you were a teetotaler?

HENRY: Oh—you saw my aunt?

BURKE: Yes—she regaled us with your many virtues.

HENRY: Outside of that, I'm not such a bad lot, I assure you. As for being a teetotaler—it makes Aunt happy to think so. It was prohibition that drove me to drink.

Joyce serves the drinks, but as luck will have it, Mr. Burke gets the lemonade that was made for Henry and Henry gets the real cocktail. The expression on Burke's face, after he swallows his, is ludicrous, but perhaps no more so than that on Henry's. The latter begins to experience new and giddy sensations in his nether extremities, and little by little the reserve of several generations drops from him. In vain Joyce pleads with him to lie down, but Henry is not in a lying-down mood. He feels more like dancing and is, in fact, cavorting about the room when his aunt comes in. (*Mr. Burke and his nephew Frank have gone up-stairs, rather disgusted, to wash for dinner.*)

AUNT: Will you stop cavorting for a minute and consider the honor of your family? (*Holds forth scandal sheet.*) Have you read this?

HENRY: Sure. Saw it to-day.

AUNT: I don't interfere with your personal affairs, but when the honor of the family becomes the subject of a public scandal——

HENRY: What has that poor prune, Frank Owens, to do with the family honor?

AUNT: Are you so intoxicated that you don't know it is about your wife? He was calling on her when we arrived.

HENRY: I don't believe it. She knows I don't like him. She would have told me if he had been here.

AUNT: Maybe she didn't want you to know. She hadn't told you about these other times.

Henry stoutly protests, but upon confronting Joyce and learning that Frank Owens was actually there, his brow furrows in bewilderment.

JOYCE: You don't believe it's about me? That I——

HENRY: Of course I don't. You couldn't help it if he called. But if he thinks he can get my wife talked about and get away with it, I'll show him——

At that moment the front door opens and Irene appears.

IRENE: Hello, everybody. Why didn't you wait for me? Why—Aunty, what's the matter?

AUNT: We were just discussing this newspaper article. Have you seen it?

IRENE (*perturbed*): There's not a word of truth in it. You certainly don't believe that blackmailing sheet, do you?

AUNT: It's very kind of you to take Joyce's part, but she'll have to answer for herself.

HENRY (*angrily*): We'll ask Owens himself. . . . He's up-stairs.

Henry laboriously navigates to the foot of the stairs and, raising his voice, calls Mr. Owens. The latter appears on the stairs.

HENRY: Owens, if you've been hanging around my wife and getting her talked about——

FRANK: Here—what's the idea? Whom do you think you're talking to?

HENRY: Did you come here to-day to see my wife?

FRANK: I won't be questioned by you. Where I go and what I do is my business. What do you think I am?

HENRY: If you want to know, I think you're a damn cad!

FRANK: See here—I'll allow no one to call me that!

That is the last comment from the dapper Mr. Owens. In the next few minutes he finds himself the objective of a furious assault that sways—accompanied by screams and shrieks—from stairway to mantel and up against a fern dish and through the glass panels of the conservatory.

A half hour later the guests—including Owens with his head in bandages—are gathered on the scene of destruction that has lately been the cozy living-room of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Adams.

BURKE (*to Owens*): You deserve the licking you got if you were lallygogging around with Joyce.

FRANK: It wasn't Joyce, I tell you.

GEORGE: Then it was Irene. I might have known after what Henry told me. . . . I'm the one that should have beaten you up!

BURKE: Hold on. He's had enough for to-day. (*To Owens.*) You get your hat. We're going to get out of here—I don't want to see this family again. I'm through with the whole kit and boodle of 'em!

Burke and his nephew ascend the stairs again to get their things. Joyce come in, dressed for the street. Aunt Priscilla eyes her haughtily.

HENRY (*to his aunt*): You've done this—she's leaving me and you've driven her away. You wouldn't let us lead our own lives. You've slighted her and humiliated her ever since we've been married, and I stood for it like a damn fool. If you ever expect to have me even speak to you again, you're going to apologize to her—and you're going to be humble about it.

AUNT: What's come over you? You're talking like a child.

HENRY: No, I'm talking like an Adams. I'm through with all of you. All you ever wanted of me anyway was my money. (*To Joyce.*) Wait—I'm going with you.

JOYCE (*tearfully*): No, I'm going alone.

HENRY: You'll do nothing of the kind. We are going away together.

BURKE (*appearing on the stairs*): Do you mean that, Henry?

HENRY: Yes, I mean it. I don't know where we're going—but we're going. And the farther away, the better.

BURKE: Far from this family of yours as possible. Look here, I'm opening two new branches next month—one in Ohio and one in California. I need a man that knows how to take care of himself, and you've proved you can do that. You can have your choice—Ohio or California.

JOYCE (*embracing him*): Oh, Henry. Just think—California!

HENRY: Right! California!

AUNT: California! A trip to California will do us all good.

HENRY (*crosses before his aunt*): Now, you listen to me—when in the course of human events it becomes necessary to sever the bonds that connect one——

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DORLAND

PUTTING THE ACTOR ACROSS

(*Continued from page* 32)

she aspires. In the matter of press stories there are, undoubtedly, more than she desires, but this publicity has never made her a successful operatic star.

The happiest of coincidences for the press-agent occur when the society favorite turns out to be a genuine artist. Witness the case of Lady Diana Manners. When she was engaged for *The Miracle,* it was considered news of sufficient importance to be included with the important political news of the moment in the cable dispatches to the New York papers. Theatrical columns, news columns, even health-and-beauty columns heralded Lady Diana's impending appearance in the play. Indeed her publicity, backed by her beauty and talent, occasioned the chartering of special trains when *The Miracle* played in Cleveland, from St. Louis, Dayton, Cincinnati and other parts of Ohio, Indiana and Missouri. Her performance for the public held a definite money value.

Another news formula occasionally enjoyed by press-agents in foisting a play or player upon the public is that one colloquially known as "riding-in-on-a-death." Only recently it was used in New York in the following fashion:

Realizing the frequency of deaths in old people's homes, Mr. R. X., a typical "live-wire" press-agent, subsidized an attendant in a home for the aged to report all deaths occurring in the institution. The motion picture he was handling opened on a Monday night. On Sunday afternoon the attendant from the home called him on the telephone.

"Old Mrs. Simpson just passed away," the employee told him. "It happened at the lunch table while we were eating. She was reading the paper when all of a sudden like——"

But the press-agent did not wait for more. He flew to his typewriter and pounded the keys with maniacal speed. Ten minutes later his blurb was complete. He summoned special messengers and marked the envelopes, "NEWS, RUSH!"

On Monday morning the New York papers carried it on the front page . . . a very sad story, all about poor Mrs. Simpson at the Old Folks' Home. She was ninety-two years old, and yet just a few months before she had been selected by the Perfection Picture Company to play an extra part in their latest photoplay, *Mary's Marriage Pickle.* That very day (so the story ran) as Mrs. Simpson came to the lunch table and picked up the paper announcing that the première performance of the picture was to take place the following night at the Venice Theatre, she collapsed from excitement and died right in her chair.

As a matter of actual fact, Mrs. Simpson's participation in the new photoplay was a sweet dream of Mr. R. X.'s fertile imagination. Mrs. Simpson died of her infirmities and not from any undue excitement caused by reading about the picture première. If the truth were told, poor Mrs. Simpson had never heard of the Perfection Photo Company. As for its latest release, *Mary's Marriage Pickle,* if anyone had told her of its gala première, she would have probably taken it for the name of a new delicatessen dealer.

But the city editor that Sunday afternoon thought the tale had heart interest. Moreover, when the reporter to whom he assigned it called up the Old Folks' Home and received confirmation of the fact that Mrs. Simpson had died at the lunch table while she was reading the paper, he knew it was an actual occurrence. Besides it was Sunday and news was scarce. Yet, in spite of the space lavished upon this story, *Mary's Marriage Pickle* was not a success because the picture was a poor one, and a feeble production cannot travel very long even on the most imaginative press-agent's back.

Another futile type of press story occasionally used to advertise players is the scandal yarn. The story of a chorus girl appearing in a musical revue, who accused a well-known comedian of punching her pretty little nose and subsequently dragged the whole matter into court and onto the front pages of the newspapers, was designed to enhance the chorus girl's professional prestige. In the office of the dramatic editor of the Philadelphia *North American* the young lady's rubicund press-agent told me the story:

"Poor little kid," he expostulated, "she was all cut up because she wasn't getting any publicity. But when we decided to spill the scandal, she cheered up considerably because I assured her that the next morning her name would be in every newspaper in the United States."

Although this resourceful publicizer succeeded in his purpose, he admitted that after he once started the ball rolling, the story got away from him, and even though he tried to hush it later, it kept going of its own momentum. Moreover, the chorus girl's plan of leaping into electric lights was completely shattered, for she was summarily dismissed from the cast of the revue.

That real value must back the press-agent's stories was pathetically illustrated in the return engagement of a famous dancer last season, following a veritable barrage of publicity broadcast for weeks preceding his arrival in newspapers and magazines all over the country. The greatest living dancer in his thirties, at the age of fifty-two, still handsome, still a fine artist, no longer electrified the public and, in spite of his press-agenting, he failed as a box-office sensation.

Unlike the prestidigitator, the press-

(*Continued on page* 62)

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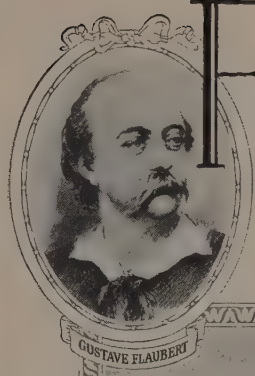
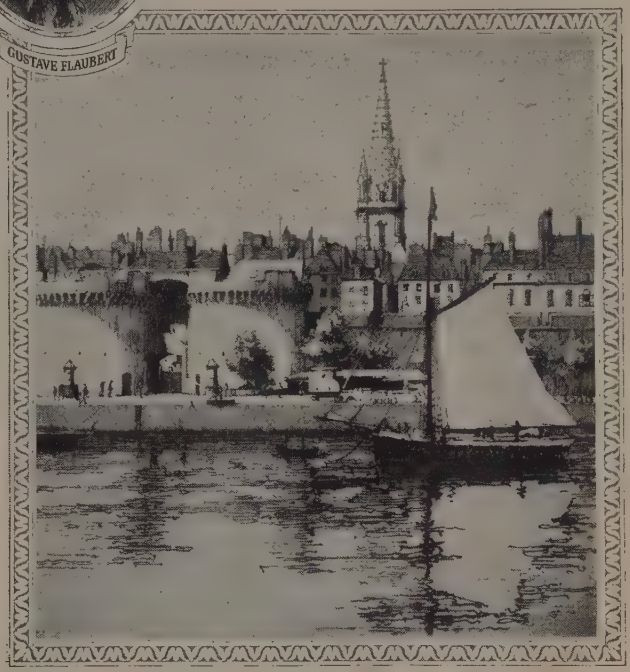


FRANCE *through the eyes of her Immortals*

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT



"Saint Malo . . . enclosed by ramparts, looks like a crown of stones, the gems of which are the machicolations."—"A Trip Through Brittany"—Gustave Flaubert

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Theater Seating Engineering Department

View of Entrance to Pasadena Community Playhouse, Pasadena, California

FIVE STAGE-DOOR KEEPERS

(*Continued from page* 10)

While anxious to know who could have instructed flowers to be sent to her C. O. D., she merely gave them to her maid and decided on a policy of silence.

The very next night Fred stopped her as she was entering the theatre and, addressing her with his usual charm, said, "Pardon, Miss Molly, but didn't you get my flowers?" Molly O'Hara, who had nothing if not a sense of humor, answered, "Yes, indeed, Fred, thank you; but next time you really ought not to let me pay for them!" The poor fellow was heart-broken and explained that his valet had stupidly ordered them from the one shop with which he had no account.

During the following week Miss O'Hara's room was a mass of flowers, all "from Fred." This was particularly gratifying to the star, as it so happened that all that week she received no flowers from anyone else; nor, by a strange coincidence, did any other lady in the company.

The climax to this amusing drama came on the Saturday night of the fifth week, when Fred entered Miss O'Hara's room without knocking, stood for a moment or two spellbound in admiration and then, without giving her time to put anything on, quietly asked her to marry him. He was summarily dismissed on the lady's urgent representations to the manager that she might have contracted pneumonia.

John MacNab left behind him a record of twenty stainless years when he retired from the stage door of the Frivolity Theatre in London to become a theatrical manager. His first production proved so much to the public's taste that he is now the owner of the largest chain of saloons in the eastern Hebrides. He is also rumored to be the real power behind the Shuberts.

It is MacNab's proud boast that he made all his money in the honest exercise of his profession. His long years of employment at the Frivolity saw the production there of that famous series of musical comedies which so profoundly affected the personnel of the British peerage. It was calculated that thirty-eight per cent. of the most beautiful girls in England were at that time in the Frivolity chorus; and it was in his handling of the nightly queues of titled young men that "Mac" showed his amazing fitness for his position.

It was his custom when a stranger asked to see one of the young ladies to utter so decided and fierce a refusal that the would-be visitor hastily returned to his pocket the half-crown he was about to bestow and felt in another pocket for a sovereign. Thereafter "Mac" would recognize this young swell and let him through without question while he exacted toll from the line of newcomers. After a year of this, he began to figure that as there were only twenty or thirty fresh visitors a night, he was getting nowhere. He was so occupied with this depressing thought that he failed to recognize Lord Knott, who had given him a pound a few evenings before and had been a nightly visitor ever since. The young peer was in the act of pushing past "Mac," when he felt himself seized with a grip of iron and heard a voice remarkable for its lack of delicacy exclaim, "Who the devil do you think you are and where the hell do you think you're going?" Lord Knott instantly produced another sovereign; MacNab stood aside to let him by and then recognized him as a regular customer. A lesser character would have apologized. To John MacNab came inspiration. "If him, why not all of 'em?" That very night he started the new scheme and never recognized anyone again.

Two years later he established his celebrated sliding scale: "Ten shillings for the back row, a pound for the front row, five shillings for the principals."

Henry Squint is an unpopular figure. He has been stage-door keeper at Smoke's Theatre, Chicago, since some years before the theatre was built.

This statement is literally true, for the theatre was erected on a piece of waste ground where for untold ages Squint had been in the daily habit of standing from morning to night, when he presumably lay down on the same spot. The workmen building the theatre were constantly compelled to ask Squint to get out of their way. It is recorded that he never did so. When the building was completed, Squint was found standing in what was to be the stage entrance. The manager, taking this for an omen and realizing too that no human power could ever shift him from that position, engaged him as stage-door keeper.

One of Squint's chief characteristics is the fact that he never replies to a question until he has been asked three times—and then in a voice whose quieter vibrations suggest a tubercular lion and which, when raised, is almost indistinguishable from a badly tuned Klaxon horn. When it is added that his general appearance is that of a wart hog, the reader will acquiesce in a famous English actor's remark that "Squint possessed very little, if any, charm."

Two years ago the Actors' Equity Association petitioned Congress for Squint's dismissal. This had, as a matter of fact, been decided on some years before and the decision conveyed to Squint in writing. He met the situation rather cleverly by being unable to read. As a long line of managers have all refused to take the matter up with him in a personal interview, it is confidently expected that he will still be at his post years after the theatre has been pulled down.

George Spruce held the stage doors of several New York theatres against all comers from 1848, when he first

(*Concluded on page* 58)

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THE "CIRCUS PRINCESS" TRIUMPHS IN VIENNA

(*Concluded from page* 20)

ment of soothing violins. And, of course, his native Hungarian predilection for Magyar strains is not suppressed in the brisker scenes. Kalman shuns the charms of the saxophone, but revels in stuffed trumpets of all varieties now and then, and challenges his American colleagues for "pep" in the topical dance pieces. The waltz—the homeland of Viennese operetta — is drawn upon for the lyric passages and with great skill. The ghosts of "Mariza" and "The Csardas Princess" walk through the score of his new operetta, especially in those pieces which are evidently calculated to become the "hits" of the piece—notably the electrifying "Budapest" duet of the first act and the caressing "My darling" of the second. Self-plagiarism? To some extent, indeed. But happy the composer whose productiveness is great enough to allow of some self-plagiarism without relegating him to the necessity of unhyphenated plagiarism pure and simple.

The production was marvelous. It has Broadway standard—not quite, perhaps, in the settings, but decidedly so in the costumes, which were both artistic and gorgeously costly. The Theater an der Wien, the historical playhouse where Mozart once saw the first performance of his *Magic Flute,* where Johann Strauss had his great classic operettas produced and where Franz Lehar, Oskar Straus and Leo Fall made their reputations, has a past to live up to. Hubert Marischka, its owner, stage manager and star, is a sort of Viennese George M. Cohan: a charming producer, actor, singer and dancer—and an accomplished violinist at that. Betty Fischer, the heroine, is an old Viennese favorite. But she wears stunning gowns, and wears them exceedingly well. The histrionic high light, aside from Marischka's masterly impersonation of the prince, is Hans Moser, who creates a type *sui generis* in the rôle of a Viennese hotel waiter. This comedian, whom Max Reinhardt brought into sudden prominence, has the gift of evoking infinite hilarity and gentle emotion in quick turn by means of his deeply human humor and with the most economic means. He carries the entire third act on his slim shoulders and on a pair of legs so pathetically rotund and so hopelessly crooked as to make a Charlie Chaplin turn green with envy. For the rest: youth and beauty reigned. It was the late James G. Huneker who once observed that chorus girls in Viennese operetta theatres must be born old: he had never seen a young one. Times have changed since.

PULITZER PRIZE PLAY OF 1925

GEORGE KELLY, one of America's youngest and most successful playwrights and directors, has just been awarded the $1,000 Pulitzer Prize in drama for 1925 for his play, *Craig's Wife,* which has been running with spectacular success on Broadway ever since its *première* last October.

Mr. Kelly "almost" became a Pulitzer Prize winner two years ago, when his *The Show-Off* was nominated as the best play of 1923 by the play jury, but the final award was given to Hatcher Hughes' *Hell-Bent fer Heaven.*

Mr. Kelly began his career as an actor. At the age of twenty-one he started on a stage career, appearing in juvenile rôles in New York City and with various road companies. Four years later found him playing the leading male part in a one-act satire of his own writing, *Woman Proposes,* presented as a vaudeville feature. The popularity of this sketch prompted him to write several one-act plays, in the years following, in which he starred as a vaudeville headliner. At this time he also wrote a succession of one-act plays for publication, *Finders Keepers* and *The Flattering Word* being among the best known. Mr. Kelly's first long play, *The Torch-Bearers,* when it was first presented in New York City, achieved a brilliant success.

RENDER UNTO CÆSAR—!

MIRIAM, Irene and Phyllis Marmein, the trio of classic dancers, well known all over the country as "the Marmeins," call our attention to the fact that on the "Contents" pages of our two last issues appeared pictures of them dancing, but without any caption under the pictures to give any indication of their identity. For this omission, which no one regrets more than ourselves, THEATRE MAGAZINE is not to blame. There was no indication on the photographs from which the plates were made to reveal who the dancers were. THEATRE MAGAZINE would have been only too glad to accord the fullest recognition to artists of the Marmeins' standing had the Editors been able to discover the identity of the dancers.

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OUR THEATRE FIGHTING FOR ITS LIFE

(*Concluded from page* 9)

the majority will see its image reflected in the mirror. Simply *talking* against this condition or staying away from the worthy efforts made by individuals, will do no good! Not only has the theatre to fight its way through economic obstacles, it has other enemies to contend with which confuses the undiscerning public—namely, the dilettante, the neurotic and that most annoying person, the "Highbrow" defined by Brander Matthews as "one educated beyond his intelligence!" And we will always have the "Reformer," that pest going about like a "loud speaker" mainly seeking personal publicity with a mentality on a par with Procrustes, who made everyone fit his iron bedstead. If a traveler's legs were too short, they were stretched. If the legs were too long, they were promptly lopped off. The "Reformer" stretches or restrains according to his own sweet will. Meanwhile the theatre suffers. What's to be done about it?

AREN'T WE ALL—ACTING?

(*Concluded from page* 24)

"Accompanied by two or three English fellow-travelers," Strachey continues, "her English maid, Mrs. Fry; her private physician, Dr. Meryon, and a host of servants, she progressed, slowly and in a great state, through Malta and Athens, to Constantinople. She was conveyed in battle-ships and lodged with governors and ambassadors."

Observe her commanding, from her haughty tallness, the conversation around a gubernatorial festive board! See her invading the quarter-deck of her battle-ship and terrifying the captain with sundry amazing and extravagant remarks! Who but Hester could get herself and her companions shipwrecked off the island of Rhodes, so that the whole party was marooned for thirty hours on a bare rock that happened, like a well-placed "stage prop," to be jutting out of the angry waters? And who but this consummate artiste could end her days as Queen of the Desert, governing her alleged domain from a ruined monastery on the slopes of Mount Lebanon?

The rôle indeed is a tempting one. It occurs to me that here, at last, is the ideal theme—Hester—for a play for Mrs. Fiske. Certainly this humorous lady could breathe a certain gasping, exacerbated life into the paling legend of the great Lady Stanhope!

A few sterling postures are to be found in the literary world. Voltaire was assuredly an evil old *farceur*, memories of whose impolite hecklings must still disturb a number of wistful ghosts. Oscar Wilde dramatized himself into fashion and out of fashion again. Signor D'Annunzio has assumed a new line . . . that of a demi-ascetic, with a bedroom decorated to match and support his flagellant mood. Shelley, with the help of various friends, achieved a thespian character occasionally. In *Ariel,* André Maurois writes of him:

"Chez les Godwin les jeunes filles l'appelaient le Roi des Elfes, le Roi des Fées; chez les Newton, il était Obéron. Dès qu'il paraissait, les femmes se groupaient toutes autour de lui. Mais il était difficile d'évoquer à heure fixe cet Esprit. Le Roi des Elfes avait d'étranges caprices, des craintes subites, de folles terreurs. Parfois une vision poétique le retenait à l'heure où il était attendu pour le thé; parfois, quand on le croyait enfin captif et soumis, un devoir imaginaire l'appelait soudain on ne savait où."

One thinks also of Shelley's expedition to Ireland to liberate the Catholics, a procedure in which "il était prêt au martyr."

Then, and finally, there are the people one meets casually, every day, in the train, at the theatre, in a hotel dining-room, whose attitude is much like that of the Queen of Hearts at her croquet party. "Off with his head," they seem to shriek in strangled disapproval of their neighbor of the moment should he, for any reason, prove displeasing. And the condemned neighbor, taking amused cognizance of the bridling, glaring Queens of Hearts, might reply:

"Who cares for you?" as did Alice, with such excellent results.

FIVE STAGE-DOOR KEEPERS

(*Concluded from page* 54)

entered the business, until a few years ago, when he retired to an estate on the Hudson. He was a man of great personal attractions and took extreme care of his personal appearance. It was aptly said that he invariably looked like an undertaker at a wedding, when he did not look like a bridegroom at a funeral.

It was George's custom to stand in front of any would-be back-stage visitor and recount a rapid series of reminiscences, ranging from the Shakespearian failures which led him to his present employment to the story of his tour of the world in sole charge of a famous magician's goldfish. If his interlocutor became sufficiently interested to forget the pecuniary transaction which could alone dam this stream of memories, they were liable to lead right back to George's somewhat unexpected birth, by which time the person whom the visitor had been trying to visit would have left through the front of the theatre.

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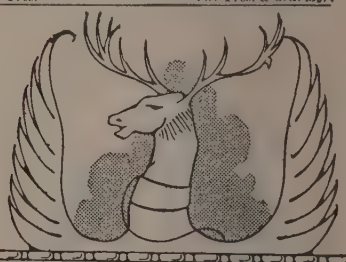

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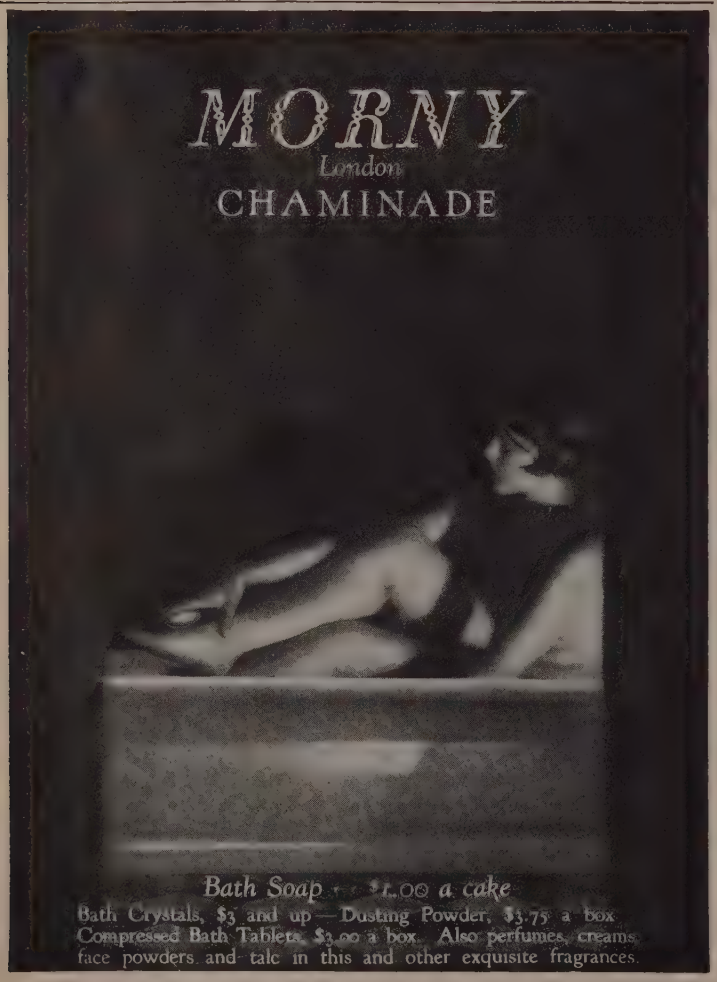
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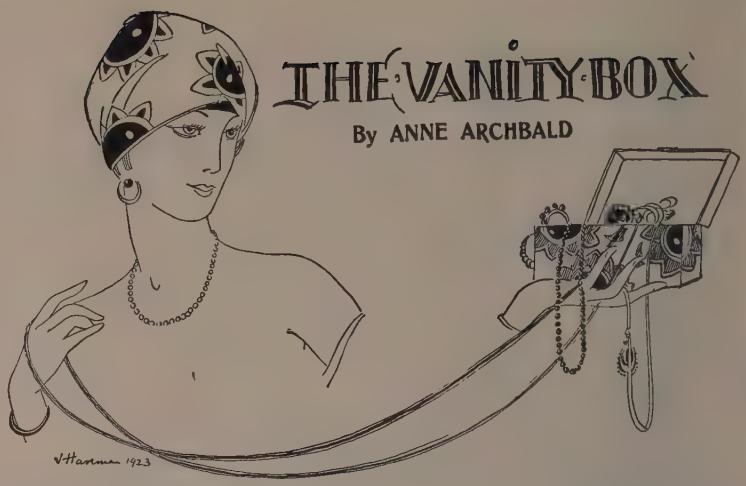

THE VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

WE'RE telling you now, in order to stand at the head of the prophesiers, to note the names of a new "dancing team," Jimmy Pendleton and Mary Denise. You will hear further about them shortly from greater than we. They made their appearance on Broadway, last month, with the Gavrilov Ballet, and separated for the Summer for Miss Denise to go out with the Fokine Ballet and for Mr. Pendleton to take charge of the dancing at the Lake Placid Club. But they come together again to continue with Gavrilov when he opens in the Fall. Pupils of the Denishawn School, they are really extraordinarily clever and finished young artists already, though only at the beginning of their careers.

And here necessity compels us to drop Mr. Pendleton from our tale. He really should never have come into it in the first place, except that he is such a charming young man and such an integral part of "Pendleton and Denise." . . Not that Miss Denise isn't perfectly charming as well. . . In figure and grace she is reminiscent of Ruth St. Denis herself, and in face she suggests to many people the late Barbara LaMarr.

Our subject this month is baths, which is where Miss Denise comes in. For if you want to learn about the subtleties concerning baths and bathing go to a dancer, we always say. Appearing so much in the flesh, she has to be extremely *soignée* in every bit of her charming person. And where does all such meticulous care start if not with the bath!

Miss Denise, first of all, "put us wise" to the very best bath salts on the beauty market. We have since tried them out and so speak from experience. The average bath salts boasts a great deal, yet hardly lives up to its vaunting. But a few crystals of these particular salts soften and perfume the water of the bath miraculously and in turn oneself, so that the perfume really clings to one's skin the rest of the day.

After the bath, Miss Denise rubs into her skin, to keep it supple and smooth, a fine, light massage oil, with the same subtle fragrance (Jasmine, we think it is), and finishes with a soft, clinging "dusting powder." These three preparations, which are the Summer features of one of our cleverest beauty specialists, can be had in combination of bath salts, massage oil and dusting powder, or each singly.

Miss Denise's favorite soap is that rich one for the bath made by Morny.

And while we were on this fascinating subject of the accessories of the bath she told me of her favorite tooth-paste—you should see Miss Denise's white smile—a new one with quite marvelous properties of whitening and keeping the teeth in condition. It has a special counteraction against the tartar which accumulates on the teeth and creeps upon them, like a thief in the night, to destroy. That tooth-paste, too, we have been trying out recently with all the results that were promised for it.

Lastly, Miss Denise informed us that the only brush for her hair that she would use is one of English make. She wears her hair parted in the middle and drawn down into a small knot at the back, and her mother has brought her up to give it for its gloss and vitality the traditional fifty strokes a day. If you use this particular brush, says Miss Denise, you will get the maximum of results with the minimum of effort. It is a most romantic brush, in which the satinwood of East India and special boar bristles from Siberia are combined by hand to attain perfection. And its romantic structure is only surpassed by its efficiency and its longevity. "A little higher in price," but worth it. . . She made us believe, as a matter of fact, that all other brushes were amateurs compared to it.

For the name of the unique Bath Salts, Massage Oil and Dusting Powder mentioned above, that of the new Tooth-paste and the English Brush, write The Vanity Box, care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, *2 West 45th Street, New York City.*

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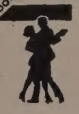

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see page 2

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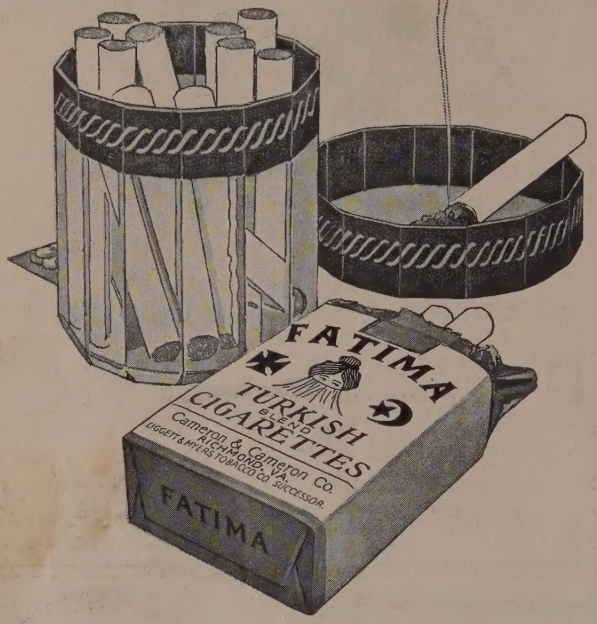

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FROM PARK BENCH TO STARDOM

(*Concluded from page* 12)

in its way as the spoken original.

A series of pictures followed—with Dorothy Gish, with Constance Binney, with Norma Talmadge, with Mary Astor. . . .

And now look at him! Resplendent star of *Young Woodley*—wondrous play all about sex and its first fell ravages to heart and soul—a play that leaves your throat aching and your eyes brimming.

Yes, it is a fine play. But it is the acting—Glenn Hunter's Glenn Hunterish acting, with its comedy and its heart-breaking pathos. Its youth. . . .

Hundreds of stories have been written about the rise to stardom of this boy who portrays a boy's tragedies like no other. Speculation is voiced as to how long he can keep his appeal as a juvenile.

Well, he can keep it for years yet, say we. He has the string-bean leanness, the hint of awkward big-handedness, the mouth that can droop and the eyes that can mist with real tears or crinkle with kid laughter.

He will go right on, we think, from juveniles to every sort of lead that requires the springtime look and the minor note, the glowing spirit—and that sensitiveness upon which life plays with a touch that hurts.

WANTS TO PLAY *L'AIGLON*

ONCE we asked Glenn if he had ever noticed how much he looks, in profile, like that well-remembered, much-missed elfin creature, Maude Adams.

"Funny," he flashed, unfolding himself from his armchair and dashing to a book-rack, "that you should say that! Look——" and he dashed back with a rarely bound volume of *l'Aiglon,* with a portrait of Miss Adams on the flyleaf.

"This is the first copy of *l'Aiglon* that came to America. It's about the most precious thing I own. I adore Maude Adams. . . . I adored her in *l'Aiglon*—— What's that? Well, I may have been in rompers, but I knew enough to adore her in that.

"It has been my dream of dreams ever since to play *l'Aiglon.* Perhaps, if my profile is something like hers, it'll bring me luck!"

We spoke of luck a while back.

Glenn takes quite fierce issue with us for believing in luck and proceeds to wipe the floor with all our best theories.

"A fellow may have a lucky break now and then," says the hero of this tale, scrouging emphatically down into his davenport (the scene is the bachelor apartment with the glazed chintz hangings, the shelves of books and plays and the grand piano in the corner).

"You have gifts and you believe in them. You determine they shall be recognized no matter what you suffer in the meantime. You believe they will triumph over nerve and bluff and cheapness.

"You stiffen your courage and you live up to the promise within you. You are willing to fight and starve, and even wait, for recognition—the justice that will make you win in the end.

BELIEVED IN STICKING

LUCK may help a bit now and then. But real compensations don't come through luck, but from sticking to a purpose till it becomes reality."

"Have you ever wondered," we asked, "what you would have done if Eddie Goodman hadn't been able to give you that bit in *The Clod?*"

"N-no——" said the young man on the davenport, "I don't think I have."

Glenn has never got over a certain wistful self-dissatisfaction that from very babyhood pushed him forward, upward to some light he seemed to see upon the mountain top.

He tried this path and that. He penned fledgling poetry. . . . Then he tried acting—poor little chap out in the barn with a book of verse as drama and a whittled stick for sword, striding up and down, being King Richard, being *l'Aiglon.* . . .

The light flamed up and glowed white fire!

PUTTING THE ACTOR ACROSS

(*Concluded from page* 52)

agent cannot manufacture an overflowing purse for the theatrical producer out of a sow's-ear-of-a-play. For if a play, like a player, does not furnish real entertainment, a landslide of the most persuasive publicity won't achieve public favor. Mr. Jones is not going to pay three dollars and eighty-five cents for a seat to *The Love Birds* simply because the leading lady has offered her services to a popular charity for foundlings, believes that women should retain their maiden names, champions dumb animals, refuses to wear feather or furs, is in active sympathy with the Musicians' Union, plans to write a three-volume novel, is legislating for the working girls, posing for a full-length portrait, endorsing a new cold cream and so *ad infinitum,* but because his neighbor, Mr. Smith, took it in last night and told him that it was a great show and that the leading lady could do her stuff.

In short, the only thing that counts for the press-agent is the quality in any play or player that will make Mr. Smith go out and tell Mr. Jones about it. Without it, all the press-agent's resourcefulness, all his deft hyperboles are seeds falling into barren ground. They will beget nothing. Play or player glorified by his yarn must be truly deserving, else the public will respond to his most heroic imaginative feats with dumb, deadly indifference.

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Carolina Folk Plays

A FASCINATING CONTRIBUTION TO OUR DRAMATIC LITERATURE

Edited with an introduction on Folk Playmaking by Professor Frederick H. Koch of the University of North Carolina, who founded the Dakota Playmakers and the Carolina Playmakers.

An appendix on the dialect by Professor Tom Peete Cross, and illustrations on the actual productions. Five plays: Elizabeth A. Lays' "When Witches Ride" (3 m., 1 w.)—Harold Williamson's "Peggy," the tragedy of a tenant farmer's daughter (4 m., 2 w. and a boy)—Heffner's "Dod Gast Ye Both," a moonshiner's comedy (6 m., 1 w., a thicket in the mountains)—Dougald Macmillan's "Off Nag's Head or The Bell Buoy." Of an old woman, a mad storm and land pirates (2 m., 4 w.)—Paul Green's "The Last of the Lowries" (Croatan Outlaws, 1 m., 3 w.).

These plays are the most significant examples of American Folk Drama. They were successfully given under the direction of Prof. Koch by his students in the Carolina Mountains. With the exception of the third, all could be given in a single hut interior, slightly varied. The clear illustrations should be a great help in setting and costume. Simple and easy to act as these plays are, they are frequently strongly emotional, yet absolutely "clean." Has Professor Koch done for America what the Abbey Players did for Ireland?

What the Reviewers Say

Walter Prichard Eaton in The Drama: "Frederick Koch is doing a wonderful work. . . . He is teaching young people to write their own plays, about their own people and their lives, stage them, costume them, act them."

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The Amateur Department of our Magazine is greatly interested in the Little Theatre Movement. It is gratifying to follow some of the non-professionals along their theatrical paths, very often terminating on Broadway, New York. This is an invitation to all the community playhouses and little theatres in the Country to send us news of their endeavors.

A Snooper Behind the Scenes

By SYLVIA B. GOLDEN

IN AN ALLEYWAY OF WESTMINSTER —WITH LOIS BENNETT

SKIPPING off the stage after the first act of *Iolanthe*, Lois Bennett said to me: "Come into my dressing-room with me, won't you?"

The little Arcadian shepherdess, more like a choice piece of Dresden china, said: "How nice, you'll stay here with me until the second act begins.

"Why, you're not frightened?" I asked.

"Frightened—n-no, but, oh, well!" and she alternately patted her heart.

"Every time I go out there, I feel certain that the first note is going to be down in my shoes—or any place else, but not in my throat. And so I arm myself with one of these (pointing to a lozenge). Of course, you know that the little sweater I knit throughout the performance I prescribed as an antidote against stage-fright—and the most terrible thing about it is that I haven't learned how to turn when I get to the end of the line—and it seems to me I'm always one stitch away from it."

"What have you done before this, Miss Bennett?"

"I was in vaudeville—singing weeping, aching, breaking and sobbing sentimental songs to the lovely little spinsters of No-Place-in-America and thereabouts, who would begin to weep so fluently that before I knew it I found myself swimming along. I never dared say anything funny, because those little audiences thought it wouldn't seem sophisticated to laugh, and so you might imagine that I had a sorrowful time of it. But now, if I hear just one person snicker or chuckle at anything I say or do, well, I just can't tell you how important I feel. Really, I'm having such a good time in this that —(shh) I'm getting fat (she weighs all of eighty-nine pounds). In fact, we're all having such fun doing it—thanks to Mr. Ames—that I hope it runs ten years. Do you know——

"Second act!" bellowed in the dressing-room.

Lois Bennett had to return to her Arcadian Shepherd.

BENEATH ELYSIAN FIELDS—WITH RICHARD HALE

I HAD to climb on to the stage and then descend four steps—the Elysian Fields had moved, you see—to peep at its principal, Orpheus, who was now busily wiping off the grease-paint that was to change him from the legendary poet and musician of Greece to the mortal Richard Hale.

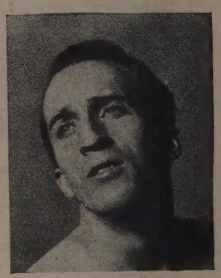
"It was lovely, Richard"—"Damn *fino*, Hale, ole top"—"You went off with a bang to-night, Dick"—there was so much buzzing and shuffling and so little space, I thought I was in the boiler room of *The Hairy Ape*—but nosed my way in, firing away.

"Playing Orpheus is such a release for me—it lets me interpret music not only through vocal acrobatics, but look (he pointed to his perspired arms and neck), there is a perfect co-ordination with every muscle and fiber of my being," said Mr. Hale. "Haven't you seen some singers get on the stage—and for all the audience knows they might be relieving themselves of the worst kinds of inhibited cussing each time they explode an 'Ah-bah' or a 'Me-mah.' How can one feel the music, unless he also understands the lyric?"

A little rose that was resting rather tenderly on his mirror fell. "Oh," he started, but said no more. Picked it up and delicately laid it on the dressing-table. My! how hard he wiped off the next bit of cold-cream!

"You see, I really speak from experience, because for six years I concertized—and I can tell you that to stand before an audience and sing of a death, or a wedding, or love, or suicide—and remain immobile—is even more trying on the singer than the public—because they merely look on while he tries to escape from a straitjacket.

"When I return from the Sesquicentennial Celebration in Philadelphia, where I have been engaged to sing," Richard Hale went on, "I shall continue in this rôle—thanks to the recently volunteered support of a certain somebody whose name I am not yet free to mention. Of course this production is not a financial success—but it is indisputably an artistic one. And that is consoling."



As I was about to ask Mr. Hale whether his histrionic ability was an offshoot from the family tree, a lady's voice behind me said: "Oh, Dick, will you come over to the house?" It was Ruth Hale.

"No, sis," he said. "I shall hie me to my feasting-palace, Childs'."

"Oh, come on with us; we have loads of change," she *insistered* and breezed outside, to wait.

Orpheus of the legend had the power of moving or charming animate and inanimate objects by the music of his lyre—and while there was still a trace of Orpheus left on him, the writer would take no chance remaining.

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